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SLEEPY TIME STORIES



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THE ELF'S BIRTHDAY PARTY



TICK-tock—tick-tock, went the clock in the nursery schoolroom, and Gollywog sat at his desk and wished very hard that he could do his sums.

Gollywog and Teddy Bear were the only two left in the schoolroom, for all the other toys had finished their lessons long ago and had gone out to play in the lovely sunshine.

"Oh dear," said Gollywog, scratching his black woolly head. "Two and two *must* make five."

"Don't be silly," growled Teddy Bear. "Two and two make six." "Wrong, both of you," called a voice. "Two and two make four, or rather, they have done so ever since I've been an elf." And looking up from their lessons, Teddy Bear and Gollywog saw a very cheery-looking elf.

"Lessons are silly, anyway, on a lovely day like this," said the little elf. "Why don't you come to my birthday party first and do your sums afterwards? I'll see that you get back in time to finish them."

"Birthday party!" called out Gollywog and Teddy Bear together, jumping out of their



desks. "Oh, thank you, Elf. We'd love to come."

"Come along then, and hurry up," said the Elf. "All the other nursery toys are there and are waiting for us to start tea. The party is being held under the oak tree in the corner of the meadow."

Teddy Bear and Gollywog followed the elf out of the schoolroom, and while they were hurrying across the meadow the elf told them what a lovely party it was going to be, with a real sit-down tea under the oak tree and games and prizes afterwards.

When Teddy Bear and Gollywog reached the oak tree they could hardly believe their eyes, for sitting round a large table covered with all sorts of good things to eat were all the nursery toys. Elephant was the only toy from the nursery who wasn't sitting up to table, for his trunk got in the way, so he sat under the oak tree with a large plate of buns all to himself.

The other elves were there, too, and when they saw the little elf hurrying towards the table with Teddy Bear and Gollywog they all started singing "Happy Birthday to You"

at the top of their voices, and the nursery toys joined in. The little elf was very proud, for this was the first birthday party he had ever had. In the centre of the table, amongst all the other good things to eat, was a lovely birthday cake with A HAPPY BIRTHDAY written on it in pink and white icing and a lovely silver candle in the middle.

"Isn't it exciting!" whispered Gollywog to Teddy Bear, as he —
wriggled into his seat. "Much better than doing sums. Just look at that birthday cake."



The other elves were there, too, and when they saw the little elf hurrying towards the table with Teddy Bear and Gollywog they all started singing "Happy Birthday to You" all to himself.

Under the oak tree with a large plate of bun table, for his trunk got in the way, so he sat from the nursery who wasn't sitting up to the nursery toys. Elephant was the only toy with all sorts of good things to eat were all eyes, for sitting round a large table covered the oak tree they could hardly believe their When Teddy Bear and Gollywog reached games and prizes afterwards.

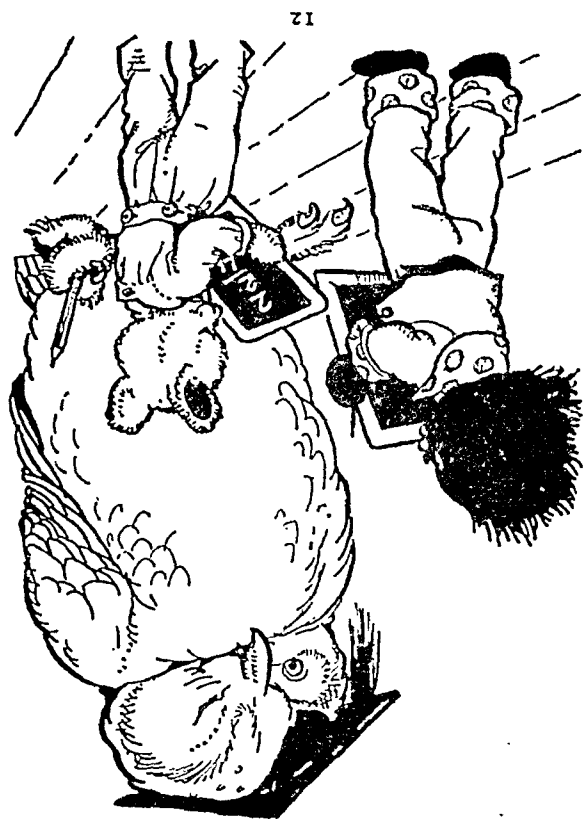
a real sit-down tea under the oak tree and what a lovely party it was going to be, with hurrying across the meadow the elf told them out of the schoolroom, and while they were Teddy Bear and Gollywog followed the elf the meadow."

being held under the oak tree in the corner of are waiting for us to start tea. The party is elf. "All the other nursery toys are there and "Come along then, and hurry up," said the come." desks. "Oh, thank you, Elf. We'd love to

"Sssh! It's rude to pass remarks," whispered Teddy Bear, who had been very uncomfortable, and he tucked his napkin under his chin and started to eat bread and butter although he would very much liked to have eaten cake first.

After they had all eaten bread and butter and cakes and jellies, the elf stood up to cut the cake, but first of all he had to blow out the candle. So he puffed out his cheeks and blew and he blew until at last the candle flared out with a "WHOOOF". The cake was delicious and everyone had a piece, but the





Teddy Bear and Gollywog were just going to join in another game when the elf came up to them.

"I say, you two. Don't forget your lessons," he whispered.

"Oh dear!" sighed Gollywog. "I suppose we'd better go back."

So after saying goodbye to the elf and thanking him for a lovely party, they set off for the schoolroom.

"Fancy winning *two* prizes each," said Teddy Bear, as they ran across the meadow.

"Yes," replied Gollywog, "*four* prizes altogether," and then stopped, and looked hard at Teddy Bear. "Why," he exclaimed. "Of course, how silly of us. Two prizes each—four prizes altogether. *Why*, Teddy Bear, two and two *do* make four. Come on." With that they both hurried into the schoolroom as fast as they could, and when Dr. Owl, who was their teacher, returned to the schoolroom to see how they were getting on, there they were solemnly writing on their slates "Two and two make four", which Dr. Owl thought was very clever of them indeed.

Gollywog and Teddy Bear found school lessons much easier after the little elf's lovely birthday party and soon became Dr. Owl's brightest pupils.

DOROTHY M. SHEPPARD

AT THE ZOO

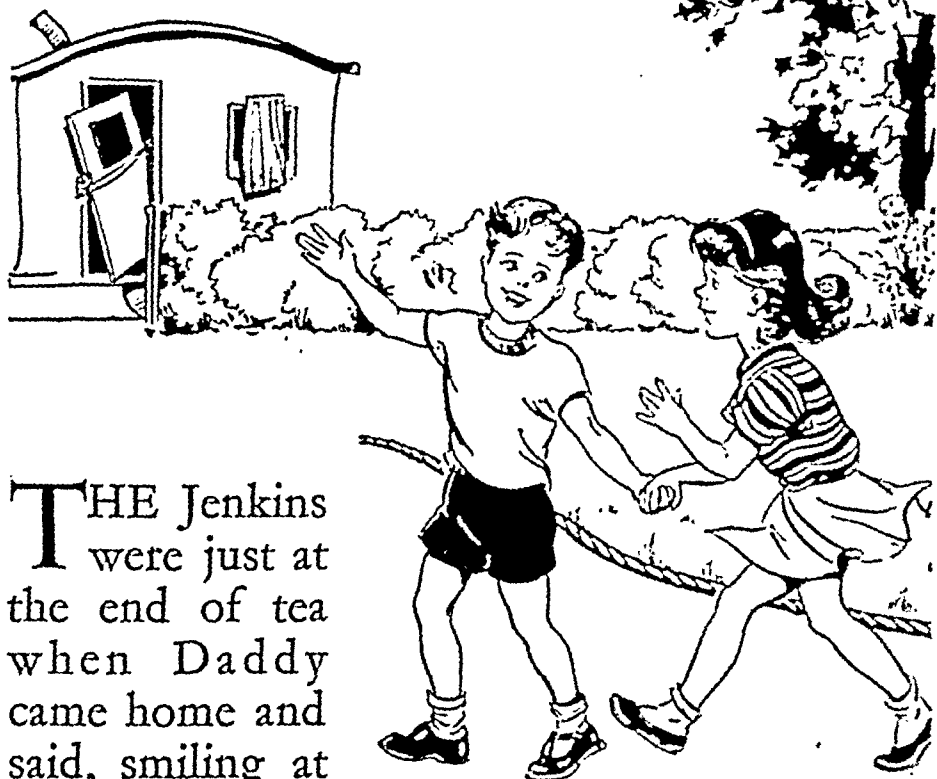
One day Mummy took me to the zoo
And my little brother John came too;
We planned all the things that we wanted to see
And followed our programme carefully.

We saw a seal all shiny black,
The keeper said his name was Jack;
He swallowed his fishes one by one,
Then went to sleep out in the sun.

Next we saw a slippy snake
And a large alligator in a lake.
The lovely white polar bear
Was sitting begging in his lair.

We saw a lion, and a tiger too,
A huge hippopotamus and a wild emu;
And when there was nothing more to see
We hurried home in time for tea.

Paint Pots at the Jenkins'



THE Jenkins were just at the end of tea when Daddy came home and said, smiling at them, "I've bought a caravan!"

"A caravan! *Where?*" cried everybody.

"Outside, by the gate," said Daddy, and they all rushed to see.

There it was, fastened to the back of the car, a real caravan.

"Isn't it *lovely!*" cried Mark and Marigold.

"Isn't it *shabby!*" said Mother.

"Well, what can you expect," said Daddy.

"I think it would be better to paint the
"then people would see us coming."

"We could paint the front red," said Mark,
said Mother, when Uncle George had gone.
"I will *not* go out in a stripey caravan,"

stripes or something, couldn't you?"
it'll brighten it up a bit. You could do some red
"Won't go all over, I'm afraid," he said, "but
paint."

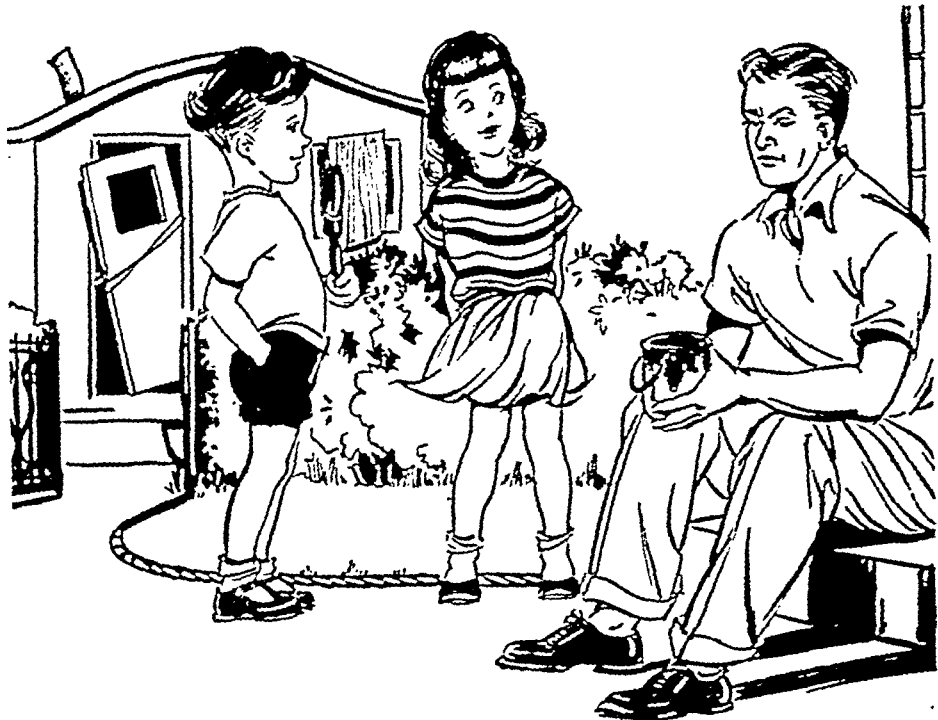
Uncle George was very soon back with the
no use for at all. I'll nip along and get it."

"I've got a can of red paint at home I've really
doesn't it? Tell you what," said Uncle George,
jolly little thing, but it wants a spot of paint,
off his bicycle in surprise, "bought a caravan?
"Hallo," said Uncle George, nearly falling
came along on his bicycle.

While they were looking at it Uncle George
to do something to it first."

shabby as that," said Mother. "We shall have
"We can't possibly go out in a caravan as
children. "It's Saturday!"

"Can we go out in it tomorrow?" cried the
do to have the caravan looking too gay."
And the car's getting shabby, too, so it would
"It was quite cheap—for a caravan, it



back," said Marigold, "then people would see us going."

"All I can say is," said Daddy, "I wish Uncle George had thought of giving me that paint before, then I could have painted the wheelbarrow. The wheelbarrow badly needs a new coat of paint."

At seven o'clock Aunt Laura came along on her evening stroll.

"What a disgraceful-looking object," she said to Daddy, stopping to stare. "You aren't going to take the family out in that, I hope!"

Then a smile broke over her face and she cried, "I know—the very thing! I had two cans of yellow paint left over from painting the kitchen. They're always in my way. I'll give them to you to paint the caravan. If you care to come along with me you can have them at once."

So off they went up the road together.

"I didn't like to tell her about Uncle George's red paint," Daddy explained afterwards. "I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings. But we can't paint the caravan red *and* yellow."

"And that yellow paint would look beautiful on the front door," Mother sighed, "and I've wanted a yellow front door for years."

Just then the bell rang. It was Mr. Robinson from next door.

"I see you've got a caravan," said Mr. Robinson, "and my wife wondered if you would like these blue curtains for the windows. They're a little bit bright, but that won't matter for a caravan, will it?"

"Why," cried Mother, "they're just right. Please thank your wife *very* kindly, Mr. Robinson. We were worried because the caravan looked shabby, but with such gay curtains at the windows nobody will notice *that*."

On Paddy Porker's Birthday



PADDY PORKER was as grumpy as a little piglet could be. Tomorrow was his birthday. Mummy Porker was icing a lovely cake.

"I must go to the Dewdrop Stores and buy some wee red candles and some of your favourite biscuits," she said to her cross-looking little son.

"Don't want wee red candles, don't want biscuits," squeaked Paddy Porker. "I want

some friends to play with and a real party for my birthday."

But Mummy Porker took no notice of his grumbles. She put on her floppy hat and set off for the Dewdrop Stores.

Paddy Porker was much too cross to go with Mummy Porker. "I shall go to the Dell and see if I can find someone to play with," he called out, as his mummy shut the gate with a click.

So the small plump piglet trotted towards Dingle Dell. But he did not find anyone to play with. He trotted grumpily a little farther. And it was here he saw the little pond. Bright yellow water lilies grew all round the edge. They looked so gay and pretty.

Paddy Porker quite forgot his mummy always told him to keep away from the pond. He knelt down on the grassy bank and tried to reach the gay yellow water lilies. But because he was so plump, he overbalanced, and—*splash!*—there he was in the water.

Oh my! How loudly Paddy Porker squealed!

It was very lucky that the two bunnies, Buffy and Muffy Cottontail, heard him. They

were camping out in a little tent close by. "Oh, oh, oh! Help... help, help!" squealed Paddy Porker. The water was not very deep on the edge of the pond, but the small, plump piglet's sharp trotters had stuck firmly in the mud. Muffy and Buffy Cottontail had to tug, and tug *and tug*, with all their might and main, to get Paddy Porker safely on the grassy bank again. They took him to their tent. Muffy put some breeches and a shirt, and very soon he was enjoying a game of "tig" with the two y bunnies.



Tommy Twiddletoes goes Fishing

LITTLE Tommy Twiddletoes was off to the fields to play and his mummy was very pleased to see him go, as he was likely to get into *lots* of mischief and trouble if he played at home.

If he played ball in the garden he would be *sure* to break a window; and the other day, when he used mummy's big table cover to make a tent, mummy was not pleased at all. So little Tommy Twiddletoes ran off down the lane, and as he was passing Merryweather's cottage he suddenly thought of something and turned back.

Mummy was quite alarmed when he came running back; however, it appeared he wanted to go fishing in the big pond and asked mummy for a long stick and a few yards of strong string which he would make into a fishing line. On the end of the line he was going to fix a *very* big hook and felt *sure* he would bring home some nice fish for tea. Mummy doubted very much whether she



would see any fish for tea, but little Tommy was quite excited about it, so mummy said he had better take his tea, as fishing was a long, long job.

So off went Tommy with some milk, biscuits and cake in his satchel and he felt just like any real fisherman!

He found a nice spot by the edge of the pond and started to get his fishing tackle ready. The yards of string had got all mixed up in his satchel and was rather a problem, but he managed to find the end and fixed on the very big hook; then he shook the rest of the string, thinking it would unwind itself, but the hook on the end was a nuisance and

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caught firmly in little Tommy's jersey and made quite a big hole. This worried Tommy very much, as he knew mummy knitted his jerseys and he was sure it would take her a long time to knit him another one.

When he had got his line ready at last, he hunted round for some worms to use as bait, but, sadly enough, he could not find any; then he remembered the cake he had brought for tea and decided to use that instead.

He threw the line right out across the pond and sat down on the grass and waited *very* patiently, hoping to catch a nice big fish.

He waited and waited a *long* time, and each time he pulled up the line there was no fish on the end—but the cake had gone! And he kept putting of fresh jumps of cake on the hook until, surely



enough, he found he had no cake left for tea!

Poor Tommy began to feel sad and felt that fishing was a *very* difficult business.

He pulled the line in again and *this* time there

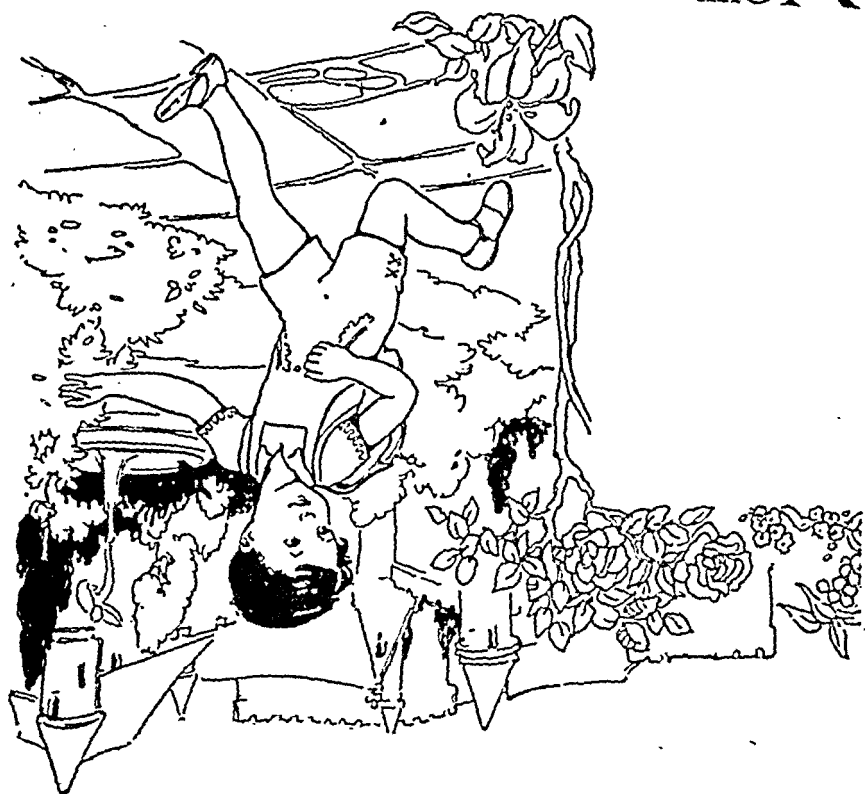
was a fish on the end; Tommy was *sure* because he had to pull so hard, and he felt sure the line would break. One more heave and up came the hook, and poor Tommy had a shock, for instead of a nice fat fish, all he could see hanging on to the hook was a big tin can, which someone must have thrown into the pond.

Little Tommy Twiddletoes ran off home, so very disappointed; and when he told mummy all about it, she told him to wait until Uncle Harry came to see them, as he would show Tommy how to catch fish!



CORA FOWLER

NO LESSONS FOR THE PRINCE



NOW you are seven, Carlo, you must have a governess," King Petroff said to the little Prince one day.

"I don't want a governess. I don't want to do horrid lessons," Prince Carlo said crossly. He had done babyish lessons with Nanny, of course. He could read easy words, and write script letters fairly well. But when these

were done Nanny let him make things with playwax, or use his fine big box of paints.

But a governess! "She's sure to be strict and horrid," Prince Carlo told himself, and thought he would run away.

So, on this lovely sunny morning, he slipped into the kitchen and begged for some sandwiches and cake and other nice things, to pack in his little haversack.



Then, while Nanny was tidying up the nursery, Prince Carlo hurried off and began to run as fast as he could to a jolly "hidey-place" he had made for himself. It was a small hut, made of tree branches, well hidden amongst the bushes in the Palace Park.

"I shall stay here for days and days," said the Prince, as he crunched a juicy apple. "I shall pretend I am a great hunter and go exploring and have heaps of fun. Jolly sight better than doing horrid, hard lessons with a silly old governess."

And of course everything was fun, at first! The little Prince had a large tin of biscuits, another one filled with sweets hidden in his hide-out.

There was a small pool nearby, plenty of wild raspberries growing in the woods. All that morning, Prince Carlo had a glorious time.

He pretended he was a mighty hunter tracking all kinds of wild creatures. But soon the little Prince began to feel rather lonesome. If only he had someone to share his games, he thought, as he began to eat an egg-and-cress sandwich.

It was a very hot day, and after lunch the little Prince fell fast asleep.

The sound of someone crying woke him up with a start.

"Who can it be?" Prince Carlo wondered, as he got up in a hurry and had a look round. He walked down a mossy path, and there, limping along as if they were very tired, were two small children. Their faces were grubby and stained with tears. Their clothes were clean, but very shabby.

The little girl must have fallen down, for one small knee was bandaged with a handkerchief.



Prince Carlo had a very kind heart. He was so sorry for the two unhappy-looking children. "Who are you?" he asked them, "and where do you come from?"

"We're orphans, sir," said the small boy, "my name is Olaf, and my sister is called Gretel." Gretel stopped crying and looked at little Prince Carlo with large, dark eyes.

"We've walked miles and miles, and we're so very, very hungry," she said.

Of course Prince Carlo had not eaten half his store of food.



He took Olaf and Gretel to his little hut. My word, how they enjoyed the sandwiches, tarts, plum cake and juicy apples.

Prince Carlo watched them, and suddenly he thought, "How jolly it would be if I could take Olaf and Gretel back to the Palace."

And that is exactly what he did, after they had all had a wonderful game in the woods.

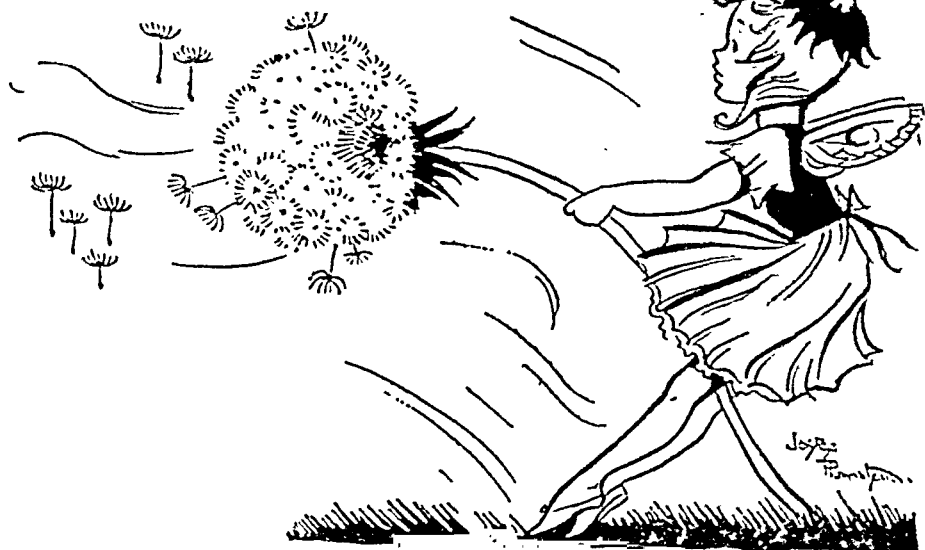
Prince Carlo quite forgot he had not meant to go back home for ages and ages.



DORIS M. LEE

"I'm sure Daddy will let you stay at the Palace," he told Olaf and Gretel, as they walked through the lovely gardens, about tea-time. "The Palace?" said Gretel, her large eyes round with surprise. "Have we been playing with a PRINCE?" Prince Carlo chuckled. "I'm rather a lonely Prince," he said, "without any brothers or sisters to play with. You're going to live with me, always. You'll see." And so it turned out. The King and Queen were only too pleased for little Prince Carlo to have two such nice little companions as Olaf and Gretel. And when the new governess arrived next day, she was young, pretty, and very, very jolly. She didn't mind a bit having three children to teach, instead of only one. She told Prince Carlo that besides lessons they would learn to swim in the Palace lake, play cricket and all kinds of other jolly games. So, of course, when he heard this, Prince Carlo decided that having a governess would not be so bad, after all.

Mischievous Fairies



THE fairies were in a mischievous mood. The Queen had gone for the day to visit the King of the Gnomes and had given the fairies a holiday from all duties.

“You may amuse yourselves all day, only don’t get into mischief,” were her parting words.

They flew about in the bright sunshine wondering what to do to have the most fun. They fluttered past Mrs. Brown’s pretty cottage, and a naughty idea came to Rosebud, who was full of mischief.

“I know,” she cried. “Mrs. Brown is a

mean old thing and she's so proud of her lovely, velvety lawn—let's cover it with dandelion fluffs."

"Oh," exclaimed Pansy, "you know the Queen told us we must never be mean even if some humans are."

"Well, sweetness, you can sit on top of a dandelion and watch us. Perhaps you didn't see her the day when she was so cross with the little dog next door just because he started digging in her lawn to bury a bone."

Another fairy said, "Yes, and one day a little girl ran across the lawn. Mrs. Brown shouted at her in such a loud voice that she sat down on the grass and screamed. Mrs. Brown dragged her off the lawn and pushed her through the gate, telling her to go home."

The fairies all took up the chorus. "She's mean. She's mean."

They filled their arms with dandelion fluff from the neighbouring field and flew over the lawn, letting it fly all over the beautiful green grass.

Then, while the others flew back and forth with their arms full of fluff, Rosebud, who was

rather conceited, flew over to the bird-bath and hovered above it, admiring herself in the mirror of clear water.

A bird flew over to have a bath, and as he settled down with a splash he accidentally knocked Rosebud into the water. Frightened at what he had done, he flew away without trying to help her.

The rest of the fairies were so busy flying

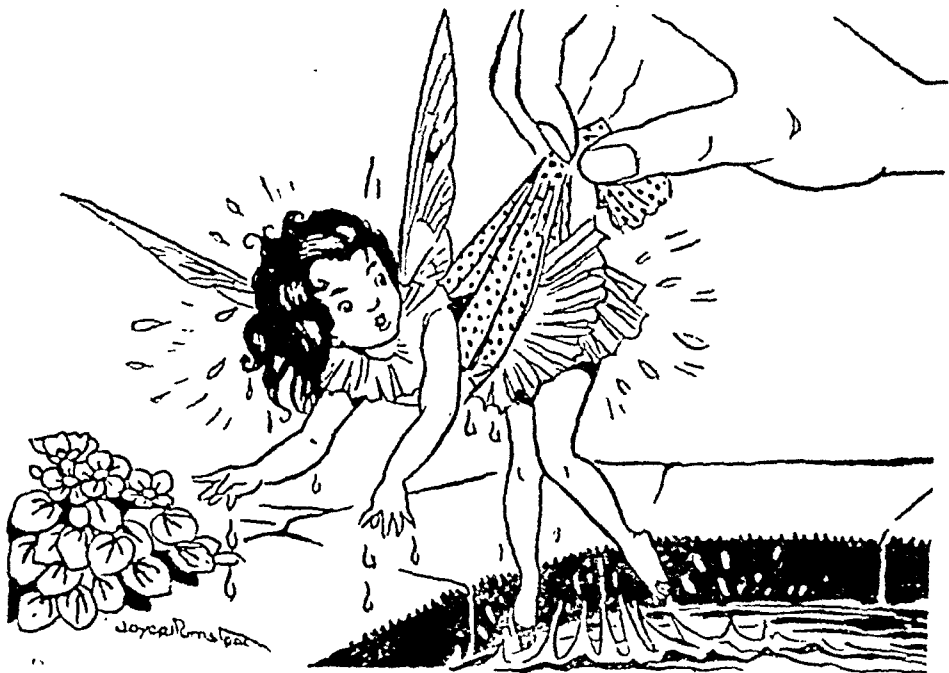


back and forth with their loads of fluff that they didn't even notice what had happened. Rosebud struggled to rise, but the water weighed down the gauzy wings and she could not raise them. She was filled with terror and began to cry piteously, but no one heard her. Mrs. Brown, looking out of her window, saw her beautiful lawn covered with dandelion fluff. Sometimes the wind carried the fluff over from the field, but it had never been as bad as it was today, and there was no wind. It made her very sad. She knew she couldn't clear it all away and next year her lovely lawn would be a mass of dandelions. She went out to see if there was anything she could do about it.

As she passed the bird-bath she glanced in to see if the water needed changing. "What a beautiful dragon-fly!" she exclaimed. "I have never before seen one so lovely." Putting in her finger, she lifted Rosebud on to the side of the bath.

"Oh, thank you, thank you," cried Rosebud. But of course Mrs. Brown, being a human, couldn't hear her.

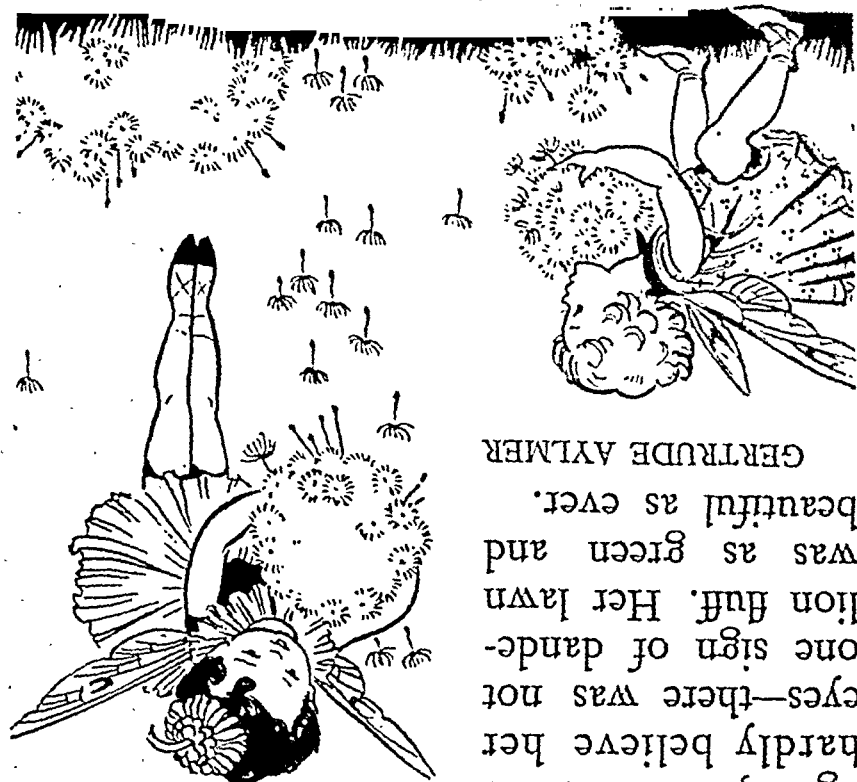
She looked sorrowfully at her lovely lawn,



white with dandelion fluff, then sighed and went slowly back into the house.

Rosebud dried herself in the sun, then flew to where the other little fairies were resting and laughing gleefully at the good job they had done. They were rocking back and forth on the dandelion stalks and having great fun.

"She saved my life," said Rosebud, telling them of her adventure. "Now we must carry away all the fluff. Perhaps she isn't mean. It's just because her lawn is so beautiful she wants to keep it nice."



GERTRUDE AYLMER

again, she could hardly believe her eyes—there was not one sign of dandelion fluff. Her lawn was as green and beautiful as ever.

The other little fairies pouted at the thought of undoing all the work they had done; but Pansy, who had not helped them in their naughty work, started right in to carry away great armfuls.

When next Mrs. Brown looked out of the window she was surprised to see dozens of brilliant dragon-flies flying very low over her lawn. Later, when she went out of doors

MOUSE WHO WENT TO TOWN



FLICK, the country mouse, went to town to seek his fortune, but alas, when he got there, he found that finding a fortune was harder than he had thought, and he was very sorry indeed that he had left his cosy little house in a bramble thicket, and his good friend and neighbour, Micky.

Flick had come to Town in the summer-time, but now it was winter and snow lay thick on the ground. Too thick for him to see the landmarks that would show him the way home, so he decided to find a home for the winter, and return to the country when the spring sun shone again.

At the bottom of a very untidy garden, Flick found an old iron kettle with the lid

Then one day a young gipsy who happened to be passing through the Town, pulled up his caravan just outside the garden gate, and made his way up the path to see if the people who lived in the house wanted any pegs. On his way down the path again he spied the old iron kettle lying under a bush and thought

as snug as any mouse could wish to be. lid on and settled in for the night, Flick was his little stove, and when he had pulled the of the old iron kettle made a fine chimney for kettle looked very cosy indeed. The spout In a very short time his little room in the will make quite a cosy home for the winter!" half off. "Just the place!" he thought. "It

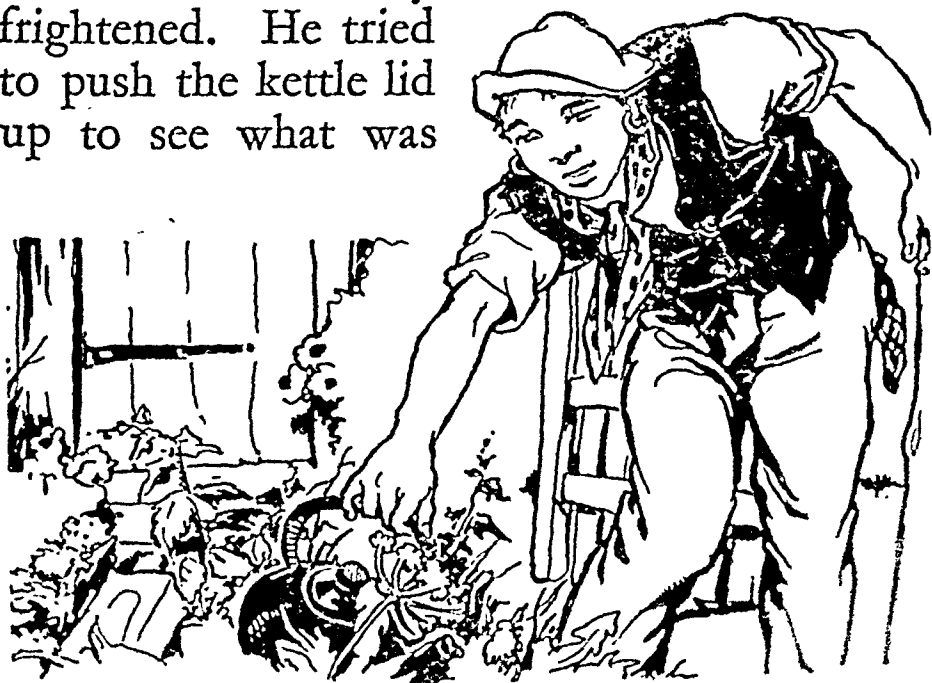


that he would take it back to the caravan and mend it, for it was quite a good kettle. So picking it up, he jammed the lid on tightly, and went whistling on his way.

Inside his little room, Flick wondered whatever had happened. The room was swaying to and fro, and the feeling of being swung backwards and forwards was simply horrid.

Before he climbed into his caravan the gipsy hung the kettle on a peg outside the door, then he whipped up his horse and off they went at a brisk pace through the Town.

Poor Flick was very frightened. He tried to push the kettle lid up to see what was



happening, but the gipsy had stuck it on tightly and it wouldn't budge. Flick could hear the gipsy singing to himself, and he wondered what would happen if someone to the lid off and found him inside the kettle. (Oh dear! Oh dear! How he wished he had never left his nice cosy home in the country and I good friend and neighbour, Micky. And then suddenly the caravan went over deep rut in the road. It rocked from side side, and the peg on which the kettle hung flew out, and the kettle went whizzing across the road and over a hawthorn hedge. The gipsy was too busy getting the v steady again to see what had happened, as poor Flick was much too frightened to care. The fall had given him such a shaking that he had to lie still for at least five minutes before he could get to his feet, and then, oh joy! What was this? Blue sky overhead. The kettle had landed right side up and the lid had blown off. Scrambling to his feet Flick was out of the kettle in two two's, and there, standing staring at the kettle in great surprise was his good friend and neighbour Micky.

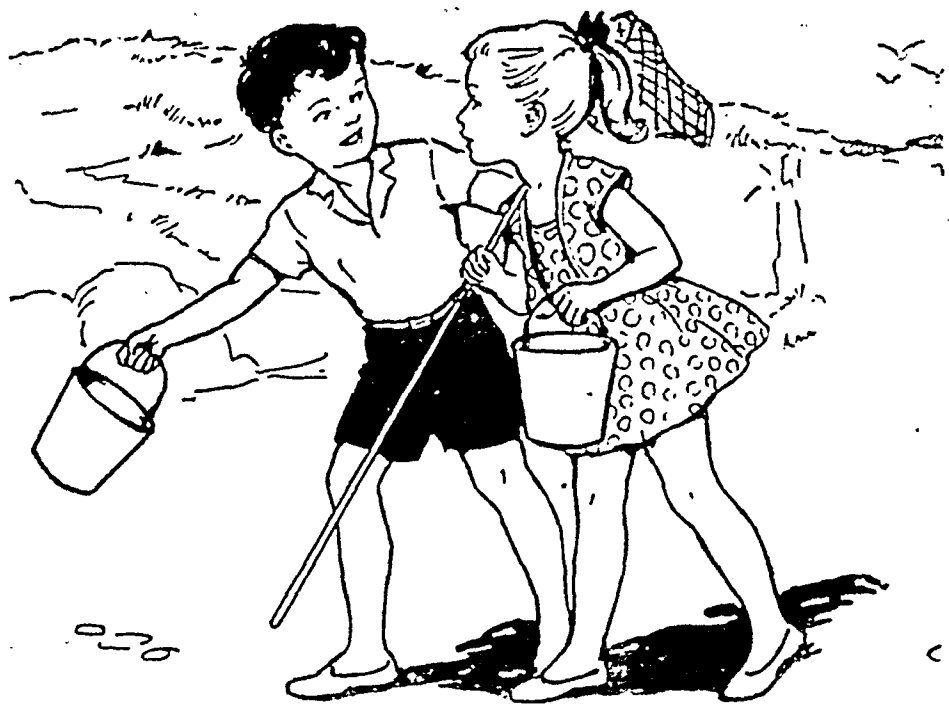
SEASIDE AND ADVENTURE

WHEN Tommy came for a week during the summer holidays to stay with his

cousin Betty in the country, Betty and her mummy and daddy tried to plan all sorts of jolly things for him to do. Tommy lived in a big town, so he was really excited to be able to run about in the fields and woods.

But the greatest treat of all was the seaside picnic! Betty and Tommy could hardly sleep at all the night before, they were so afraid that it might rain and that they could not go. They need not have worried, for next morning the sun was shining brightly, and when they ran downstairs to breakfast the picnic hamper was already in the hall and the car waiting at the front door.

The journey to the sea took about an hour. Tommy and Betty enjoyed every minute of it. Betty knew the way so well that she was all the time saying, "Look, Tommy, there's Farmer Wood's big farm. Oh, do look quickly, there's the river where Daddy goes fishing!" Until at last she cried out: "Now, Tommy,

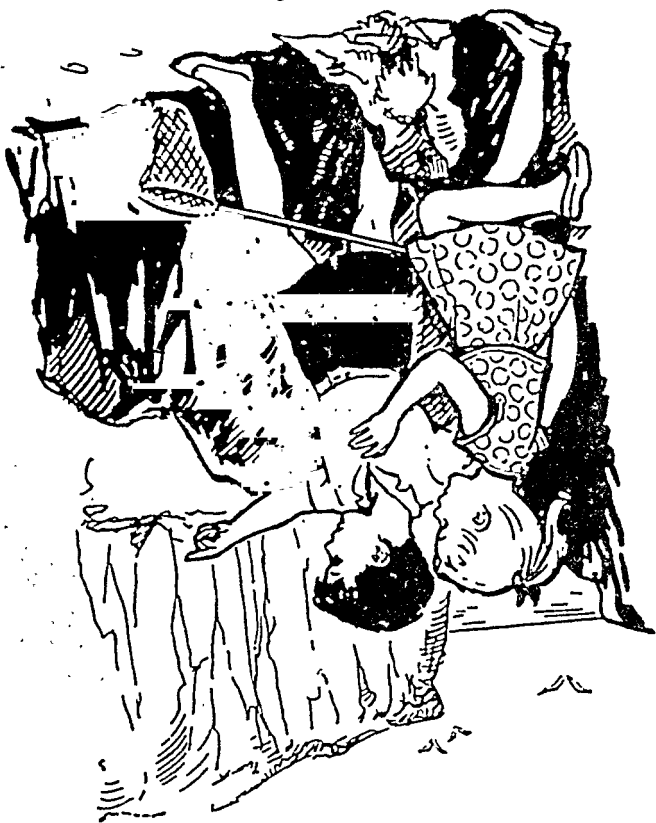


look right over there and you will see the sea!”

Sure enough, there it was! The blue sea, with the white gulls wheeling over it!

What a lovely time they had that morning! Mummy and Daddy played cricket on the sands with them, and Daddy went paddling with the children while Mummy unpacked the lunch.

After the meal was over Mummy and Daddy wanted to sit and rest in the sun, so Betty and Tommy went off to explore.



"Don't go too far," warned Mummy, "and
 and you are back for tea."
 "Let's get some tiny crabs and things in
 our buckets," said Tommy.
 "All right!" agreed Betty. "I know some
 lovely places round the rocks. They wandered on and on, quite forgettin'
 the time and everything else. The sun shon



the gulls swooped over the cliffs and little crabs scuttled away into the pools.

Suddenly in a sandy cove, beyond a wall of jagged rocks, Tommy saw something lying near the foot of the cliff.

"It looks like a poor bird that can't fly," said Betty. "We must go to see."

"Ought we to go so far?" asked Tommy. "We shall have to wade round these rocks to get to it."

"Well, we can't just leave it," Betty told him. "Come on, it isn't very deep."

So they waded round and walked up the

beach to where the gull lay. The children saw that its feathers were covered in black, sticky oil which made it unable to fly. Betty stooped to stroke its head; it looked up as if it knew she wanted to help.

Just then there came a shout from above. Looking up, the children saw a coastguard on the cliff top, waving to them.

"You children stay where you are," he shouted. "You can't go back round the rocks. 'Tis too dangerous now the tide's coming in fast."

"Why, look, Betty," cried Tommy, "it's come up ever so far since we came round there!"

Betty looked frightened. "What shall we do?" she called.

"Stay just where you are," called the man. "I'll have to bring a rowboat round to the cove. Shan't be long."

So Tommy and Betty stood still at the foot of the cliff, soothing the poor bird and watching the water creeping nearer and nearer up the sand. They both shouted, "Hooray!" when a little boat came nosing its way round the rocks. But before they scrambled aboard

they asked the coastguard what should be done about the gull.

"Poor bird!" he said. "We find a lot of them like that. They get oil from the tankers on their wings and can't fly. But we'll take him along with us and I'll clean him up at the Coastguard Station. He'll soon be as right as rain."

How astonished Mummy and Daddy were to see the two children arriving back by boat! Mummy was beginning to be cross, for they had been so long that she was worried. But the coastguard soon explained everything. Mummy gave him some tea and he and Daddy had a chat before he rowed away, taking the bird to be cleaned up.

"Well," said Tommy, rather sleepily, as he and Betty climbed into the car to go home, "I didn't think we were going to have an adventure like that today!"

"Nor did I," agreed Betty, "but wasn't it exciting!"

NANCY D. STEVENS

THE MAGIC TEA-POT

THIS is a story about an old lady who really had plenty of money, but was very mean and miserable. She would sit by her fire and



make herself a pot of tea, and when a neighbour called in to say "How do you do?" she would quickly hide the tea-pot in the oven, as she was much too mean and unkind to share her tea with everybody.

One day she had been in such a hurry to hide her pot of tea that she dropped it and it broke in a dozen pieces all over the floor. What a mess it was, tea and china all mixed up. The old lady was *very* annoyed, as now she must use some of her money to buy a new tea-pot.

Away she went to market, and very cross she was too. She argued with the man in the market because she said all the tea-pots were *far* too expensive. At last she decided to buy a little brown pot which had a chip broken off the spout, and was sixpence cheaper than the others because the spout did not look quite new. Nobody knew that the

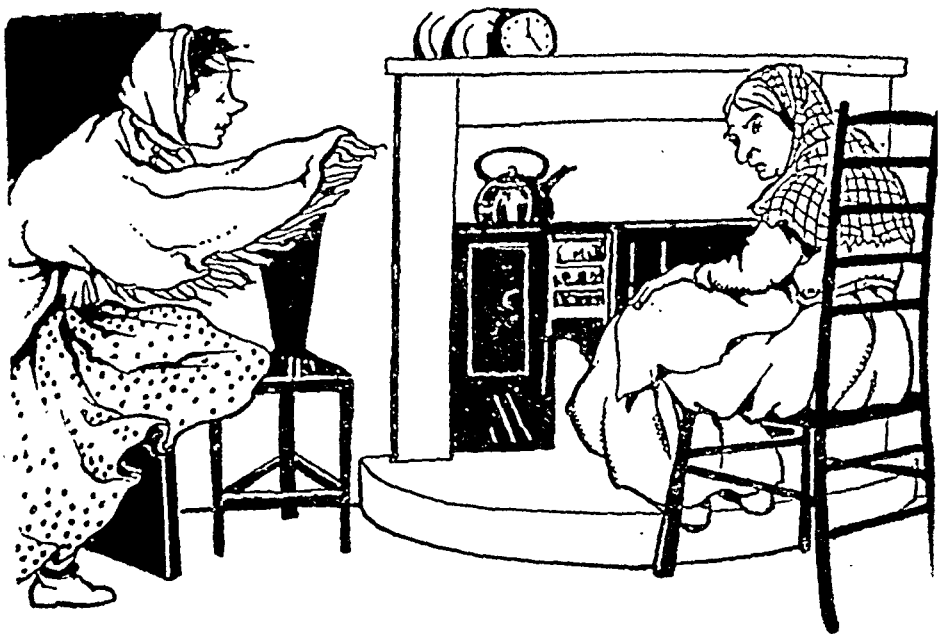


little brown tea-pot with the chipped spout
 was magic!

The old lady hurried back home and a
 teatime made a pot of tea with the new tea-pot
 just as she was going to pour out a cup for
 herself, "Knock knock" came at the door.
 Quickly the old lady popped the pot of tea
 in the oven and called out "come in". A
 kindly neighbour had called, as not seeing the
 old lady all day she wondered if she might be ill.
 As she was about to leave, a funny pop-
 pop-popping noise came from the oven. The
 mean old lady opened the oven door in alarm
 and there was the little magic tea-pot with the
 lid pop-pop-popping up and down, and blow-
 ing clouds of steam through its spout.

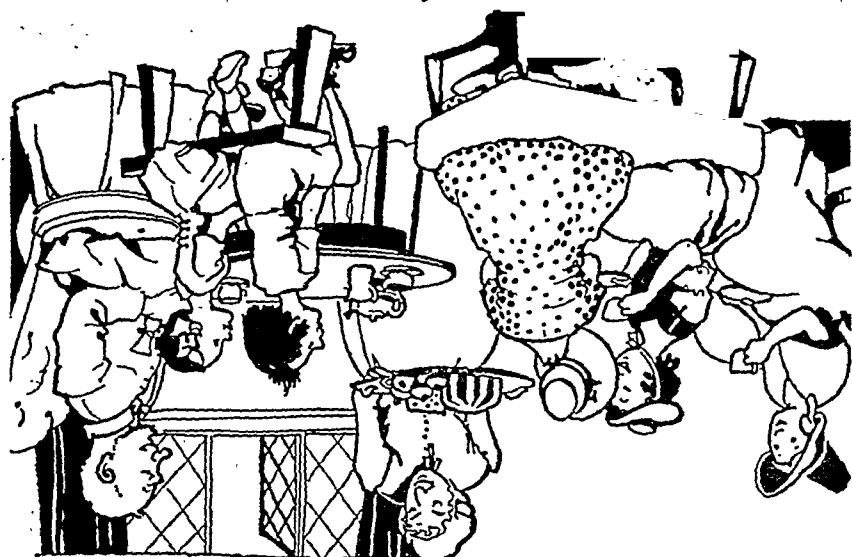
"Oh," said the nice neighbour. "Are you
 about to have your tea? I *would* love a cup
 with you, it is so very cold outside." Now the
 mean old lady just *hated* to give her tea away
 but she could not pretend she hadn't any when
 the full tea-pot was pop-pop-popping away
 and so she poured the neighbour a cup of tea.

The very next day that nice neighbour called
 with a home-made sponge cake. "This is for
 you, dear lady, for your kindness in sharing



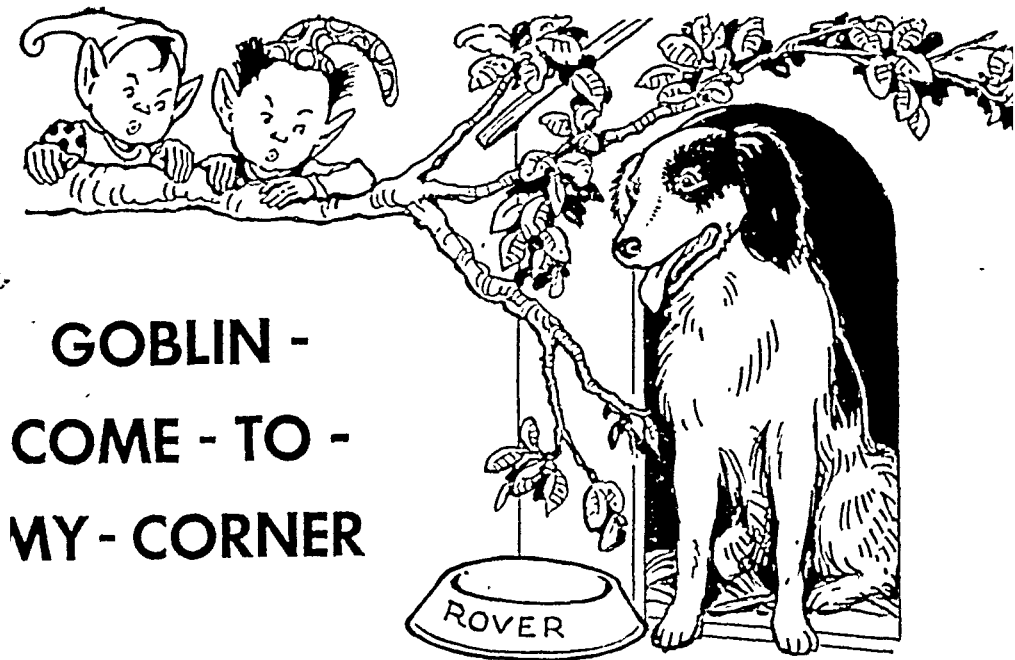
your tea with me," she said, and the old lady was very surprised and very pleased too.

Each time the old lady made a pot of tea, and hid it in the oven that magic little pot would start pop-pop-popping and blowing steam.



was funny that the old lady had never known how happy it made a person to be kind to others until she bought the little tea-pot. She was never lonely or miserable now, as she had so many friends. Soon the little tea-pot did not have to use its magic because the old lady never tried to hide it in the oven, as she now shared her tea with her friends, and very happy she was. If ever she tries to get mean and miserable again, I *know* the magic tea-pot will pop-pop-pop every time she tries to hide it in the oven, but I am sure she will never be horrid again, aren't you?

PHYLLIS BRYANT



GOBLIN - COME - TO - MY - CORNER

ROVER lay in his kennel and gave a long, low howl. His little friends Jimmy and Pat, the farmer's children, were playing in the orchard and heard the strange sound.

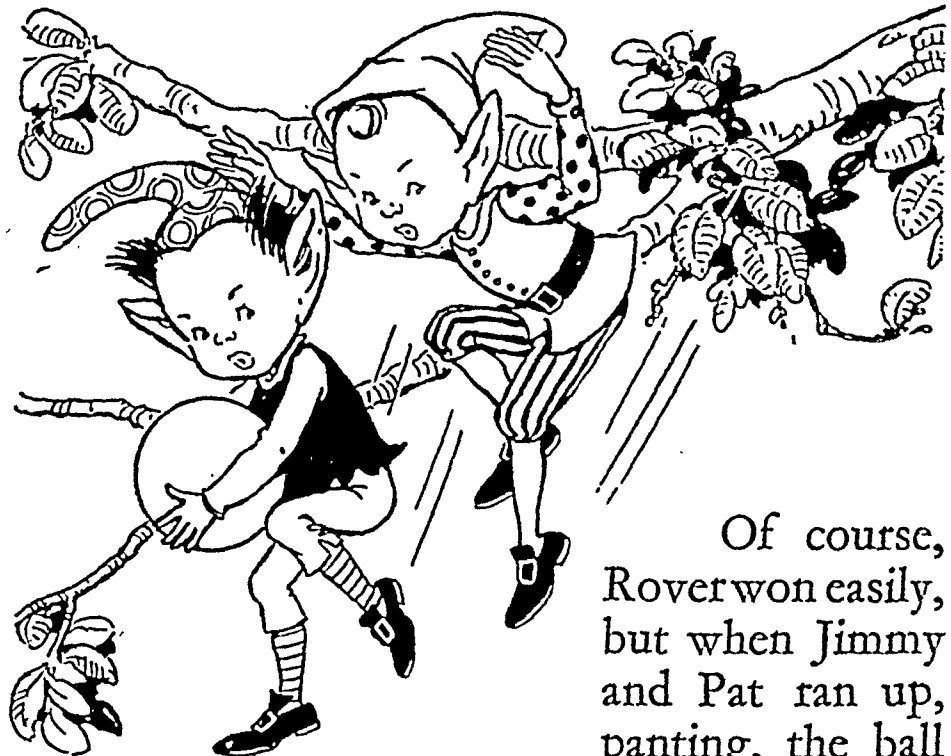
"What was that?" asked Jimmy, putting down his ball. "It sounded like the howling of the wind, only there isn't any wind today."

"There it is again!" exclaimed Pat. "I think somebody is crying in the yard. Let's go and see."

Leaving their ball under the big apple tree they ran into the yard, but except for Rover in his kennel, it was quite empty.



"I wonder where the sound came from?" exclaimed Jimmy. "There is no one here but Rover, and dogs can't cry." "No, but they can howl," replied Pat, "and I think Rover was howling because he was lonely. Let's take him into the orchard; he can run after the ball for us." "That's a good idea," said Jimmy, unfastening the chain. "Come along, Rover; I'll race you to the apple tree!"



Of course, Rover won easily, but when Jimmy and Pat ran up, panting, the ball

was nowhere to be seen.

"Somebody must have taken it while we were away," exclaimed Jimmy. "Find him, Rover!"

Rover sniffed here and there under the apple tree, then sat down and looked up into the branches.

"Who's there?" Jimmy called. "Come down at once!"

"We daren't," was the reply. "We are afraid of your dog."

pleased the goblins were to be playing like real children. They chose four trees at the

What an exciting time they had, and how that, and I'll be in the middle first."

Come-To-My-Corner! We shall need five for

"I know," replied Pat. "We'll play Goblin-

"But what shall we play at?" asked Jimmy.

are kind."

"Hurrah!" shouted the noisiest goblin. "You

Pat, who felt sorry for them.

"Then you shall play with us," exclaimed

real children."

said the other; "we only wanted to play like

"We didn't mean to steal it, really we didn't,"

took yours when you ran into the yard."

"We've never had a ball," said one, "so we

and gave the ball to Pat.

followed. Then two of them stepped forward

Then presently a third, and very shy one

the lowest branch and dropped to the ground!

their surprise when two goblins swung from

pected to see two boys climb down, so imagine

and stared up into the branches. They ex-

The two children stood close to the trunk

Jimmy, "he won't hurt you."

"You needn't be afraid of Rover," said

corners of a square and changed places with each other at top speed, while Pat tried to hit them with the ball.

The goblins ran so quickly that it was a long time before either of them was hit and had to go in the middle.

When at last it was time for tea the goblins looked sad, but they cheered up when the children said they would come again next day. And what is more, Jimmy didn't take the ball home with him that night. He left it on the grass under the big apple tree, and he and Pat





CHRISTINE E. BRADLEY

Jennifer Mary is so young
 Whatever she does is clever.
 If she curls her fingers or kicks her feet
 They say, "Oh, look at her, isn't she sweet!"
 But she doesn't have ice cream *ever*.

NO TREATS

ARTHUR SOWERBY

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 They are certain the goblins fetched two
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 My-Corner, just like real children.



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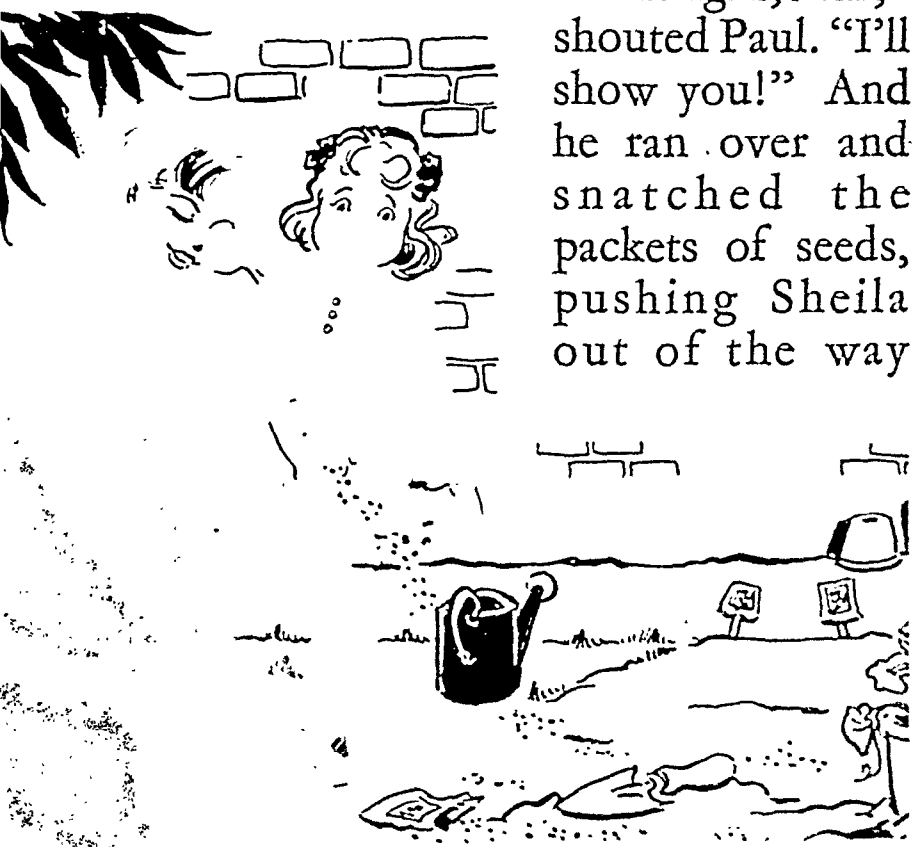
ARTHUR SOWERBY

garden of her own at home and each summer was as pretty as a picture. She now stood in front of her little square planning out in her mind how best to arrange it.

The boy whose garden was next to hers and who was a bit of a bully shouted, "Plant mine for me, Sheila!"

"No, Paul! We've got to do our own!" she replied.

"All right, then," shouted Paul. "I'll show you!" And he ran over and snatched the packets of seeds, pushing Sheila out of the way



"Now we all want to do our best to make Sir John proud of his old school, don't we, children?" she asked, looking round her class. There was a chorus of "Yes, Miss Smithers!" She smiled. "Well, *you* can help make the outside look pretty by making your own little garden patches as gay with flowers as you can. I will give you some seeds—and also a prize for the prettiest one."

A few days later, when there were now twelve little square patches of newly-dug earth each side of the path, Miss Smithers turned to her class and told them to line up to receive six packets of seeds each—each of different lovely coloured flowers—then she led the children outside and showed them how to sow them. "You can try to make patterns, if you like, with the different colours," she said. "But do your best and keep them well watered."

Joan Collins said she was going to make a diamond pattern in the middle of *her* garden. Jackie Stuart would try to make a flag. They had so *many* clever ideas, but everyone was certain in her own mind that Sheila West would carry off the first prize, as she had a

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while he emptied them higgedly-piggedly all over her little garden and then ran back laughing, to his own.

Poor Sheila! Paul knew that the little girl wouldn't tell tales, but she was very near to tears as she gently sprinkled a covering of soil over the seeds. "What a mess," she thought. "But I must cover them up, I can't get any more seeds without telling teacher."

At last it was August. The children had looked after their gardens well and they were very pretty indeed. That is to say, all except one—Paul's! He had carelessly pushed his

seeds in the ground so deep that only here and there a feeble plant had been able to struggle through. Miss Smithers was very cross.

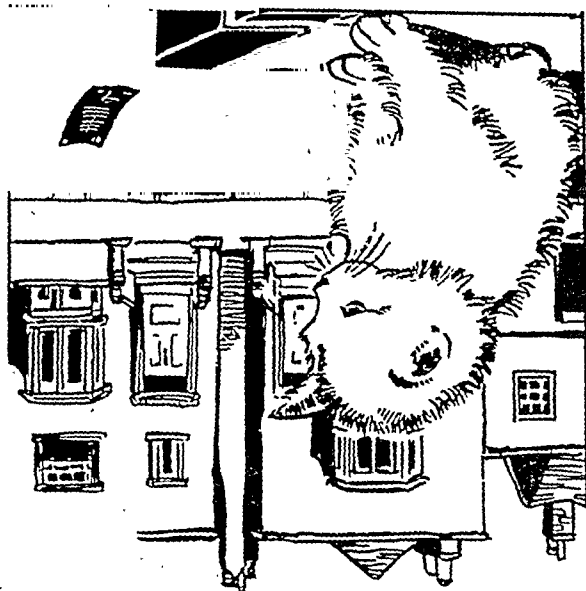
The children stood waiting eagerly as Sir John walked from garden to garden. At last he paused by Sheila's, which through her careful watering and weeding had grown into a dazzling patchwork quilt of a garden; quite opposite to what Paul had intended.

"Well, Miss Smithers," said Sir John, "it is very hard to choose, they are all so pretty—except that one over there." And he pointed to Paul's patch in unwatered earth. The boy hung his head and shuffled his feet. "But," continued Sir John, "I really think that this one must be given first prize"—pointing to Sheila's. "The others are so good that I will also give a silver half-crown to each child who looked after them."

Cheer after cheer rent the air, and Sheila found herself holding a crisp ten-shilling note as first prize. The others were equally pleased with their half-crowns, and a certain little boy with empty pockets found that it didn't to be spiteful.

A. I. MUNC

TUFFET AND THE TICKET



THERE was once a stray kitten whose name was Tuffet. He had lovely sky-blue eyes and a beautiful fluffy coat. But he couldn't remember what colour he was!

You see, he lived in the middle of a big, busy town. All day long the buses and cars went whizzing through the streets, making a dreadful dust.

Tuffet was grey all over with dust, for he couldn't bear to lick himself clean. He didn't taste a bit nice.

"Well, it's no use worrying," said Tuffet.

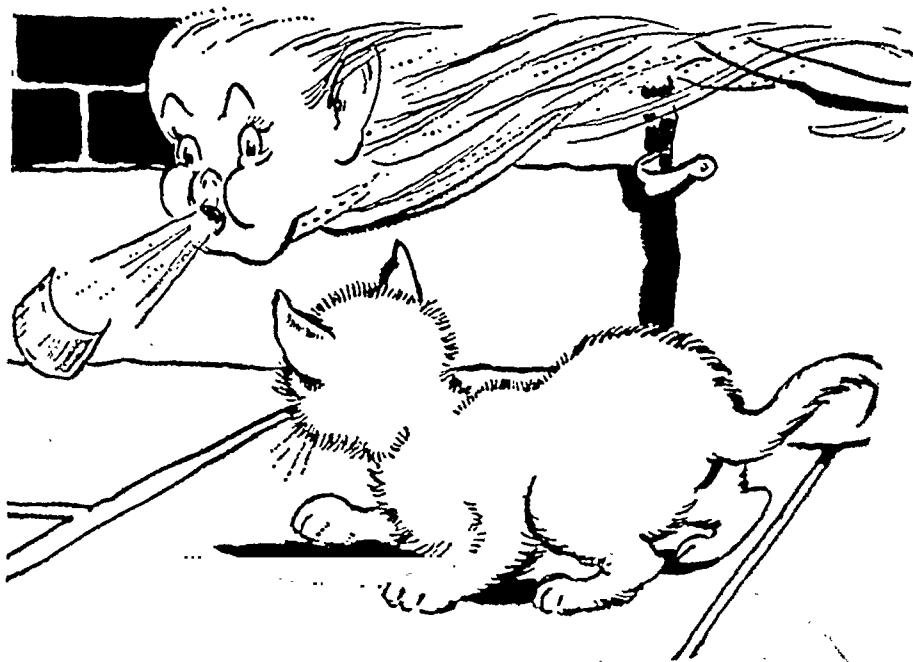
"Though I do wish I knew what colour I was. Some day perhaps I'll get clean, somehow. And THEN I'll know."

One day he was playing in the street with his friend the Wind.

"Look what I've found!" cried the Wind suddenly. "An old bus ticket."

"Let's have a game with it," said Tuffet. "You blow it away down the street, and I'll chase after it and catch it."

"Chase away!" laughed the Wind, as he whirled it nearly out of sight. "But you'll never catch it."



"I will!" cried Tuffet, and he bounded after it. Through the town it whirled, past all the cars and shops and houses, and away out into the country.

There wasn't any dust now—only green fields where the grass twinkled with dew-drops and reached right up to Tuffet's ears. He bounded happily through it, on and on...

"Oh, stop!" he cried suddenly. "Wait a minute! Just look at those lovely flowers!" "Poufi!" laughed the Wind. "These are only buttercups. I can show you better flowers than that! Catch it!" And he whirled the ticket over a high wall.

Over went Tuffet after it. And there he was in a beautiful garden. There were flowers everywhere, of every colour in the world. "How pretty you are!" purred Tuffet, as he wandered about among the roses. "I like you best of all. You're so nice and cool and dewy. And I'm so thirsty."

Tuffet put out his little pink tongue and began to lick the dewdrops off the rose-buds very gently.

"Poufi!" laughed the Wind. "I can get you



a better drink than that. Catch!" And he whirled the ticket through the open window of a house.

And in leapt Tuffet after it.

"Oh!" he cried. "How pretty she is!" For there by the fire, sound asleep in a pussy-basket, was a lovely snow-white kitten.

"I wish I was white like you!" sighed Tuffet. And outside the window the Wind burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" said Tuffet. But the Wind wouldn't say. He just laughed and laughed, till he woke the white kitten up.



"I AM surprised," said Tuffet. "I used to be
grey. But I've been
tearing around all day
in the wet grass, and
it must have washed
me."

She opened her blue eyes and bounced out
of the basket. "Hullo!" she said. "What a
handsome kitten you are! Just the very same
colour as me!"
"WHAT?" said Tuffet, and he looked down
at his paws. Yes, they WERE white!
"You do look surprised!" laughed the other
kitten.

"It forgot to wash your ears," laughed his new friend. "But I'll soon put that right." Out came her little pink tongue and she licked them white as snow.

"They didn't taste very nice," she said. "But never mind. Here's milk to put away the taste. Wouldn't you like some too?"

So into her bowl went two little pink tongues.

"What's your name?" said Tuffet presently.

"Muffet," she said. "What's yours?"

"Tuffet!" said Tuffet. "Now, isn't that odd? Even your name is nearly the same as mine."

"We're surely meant to be friends," purred Muffet. "Where do you live?"

"Nowhere," sighed Tuffet. "I don't belong to anybody."

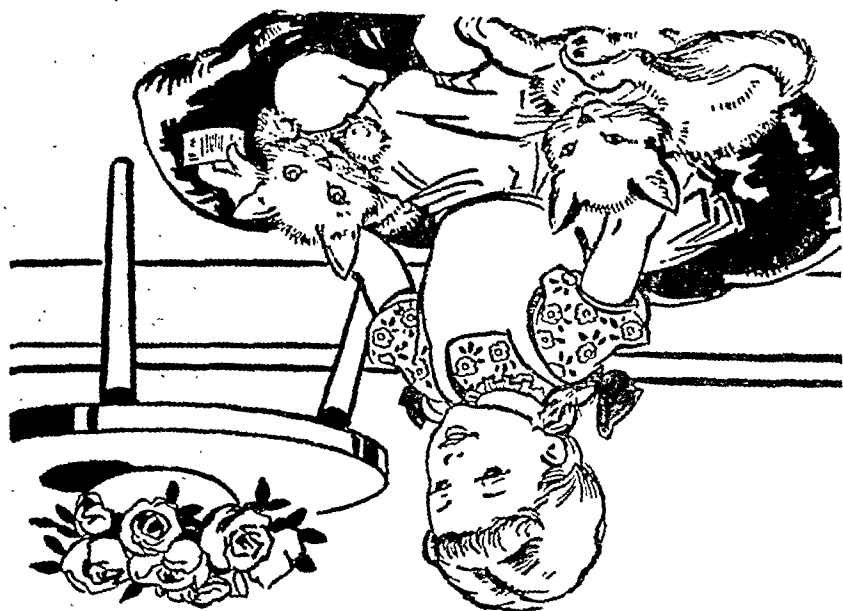
"Then you can stay here!" cried Muffet joyfully. "I've always plenty of milk. You can easily sleep in my basket. There's heaps of room for two."

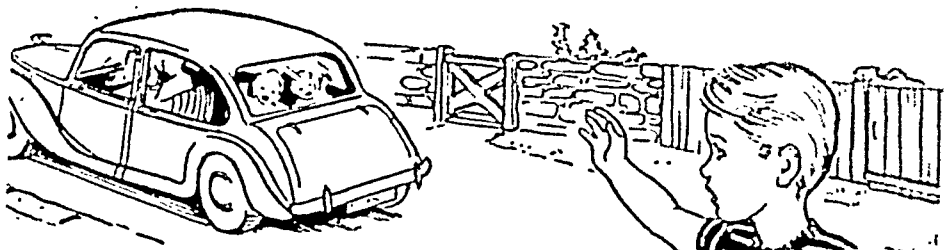
"Let's have a snooze now," said Tuffet. So they curled themselves into the basket and soon they were sound asleep.

Presently the door opened.

"Mummy!" cried a little girl. "There's TWO kittens here now! Quick! Come and see! Oh, Mummy, can we keep the new one too?" "We can certainly keep him till we find where he belongs," said Mummy. "But good gracious, Betty! How ever did this get here? Look—a dirty old bus ticket!" "And we're miles and miles from the town," said Betty. "How COULD it have got here?" But out among the roses the Wind laughed and laughed. He knew all about it!

JEAN ROBERTSON





A Day of Surprises



"GOODBYE, Peter," called John-from-next-door merrily.

"Bye-bye, Peter," called his sister Sue. Then the blue car moved slowly away from the gate—taking two happy children to the seaside for the day.

Peter watched the car until it had turned the corner. Then, unhappily, he went indoors, wishing he and Mummy had a car so that they too could spend a whole day by the sea.

"Cheer up, Peter," Mummy said when she

saw his doleful face. "Run along to Mrs. Timm's and buy a choc ice. Then we will go to the park and take your nice new boat to sail on the pond."

Now Peter's new boat was painted blue and had *Skyhawk* printed on it in neat black letters, and usually he loved to sail it on the small pond. It would be very dull in the park today without his friends to play with, Peter told himself as he trotted up the road.

"A choc ice, please," he said to jolly Mrs. Timm when he reached the shop.

"Why," she said as she took the ice from the frig, "I haven't seen you lately. I thought you had gone to the seaside. Not going this year?" Mrs. Timm finished as she saw the solemn look on the little boy's face. Peter shook his head. "No," he said sadly. "Mummy says she hasn't enough money for a holiday this year."

"Oh dear, what a shame," said Mrs. Timm, and she gave Peter a toffee-apple, which she said he need not pay for. Peter thanked Mrs. Timm again, and then, just as he came out of the shop, a red car was coming along the road.

Next minute the red car stopped and a gay voice shouted, "Hullo, Peter. We are just going to your house. Hop inside."

And there was Peter's favourite Auntie Meg, and beside her was his cousin Jim.

"It's such a lovely day we thought you and Mummy would like a day by the sea," said Auntie Meg as they reached Peter's house.

Peter raced up the garden path, with Cousin



Jim at his heels and a smiling Auntie Meg following behind.

"Mummy! Mummy! We're going to the seaside after all," Peter shouted gaily, and he went straight to the hall cupboard where he kept his toy boat. His bucket and spade were there as well.

Mummy soon packed up his bathing things, and then off they whizzed in the red car, out of the town, along country lanes towards the seaside.

What fun Peter had paddling, making sand-castles and sailing his fine new boat! And when they had enjoyed a picnic lunch on the sands Auntie Meg jumped up quickly and said, "Now, folks, come and see the bungalow."

"The bungalow?" said Peter's Mummy, looking very surprised.

Auntie Meg's brown eyes were twinkling now, and Cousin Jim was looking very excited.

"It was a *secret*," he told Peter. "Mummy said I was not to tell you . . . and I didn't, you see," he added proudly.

But now Auntie Meg was leading the way

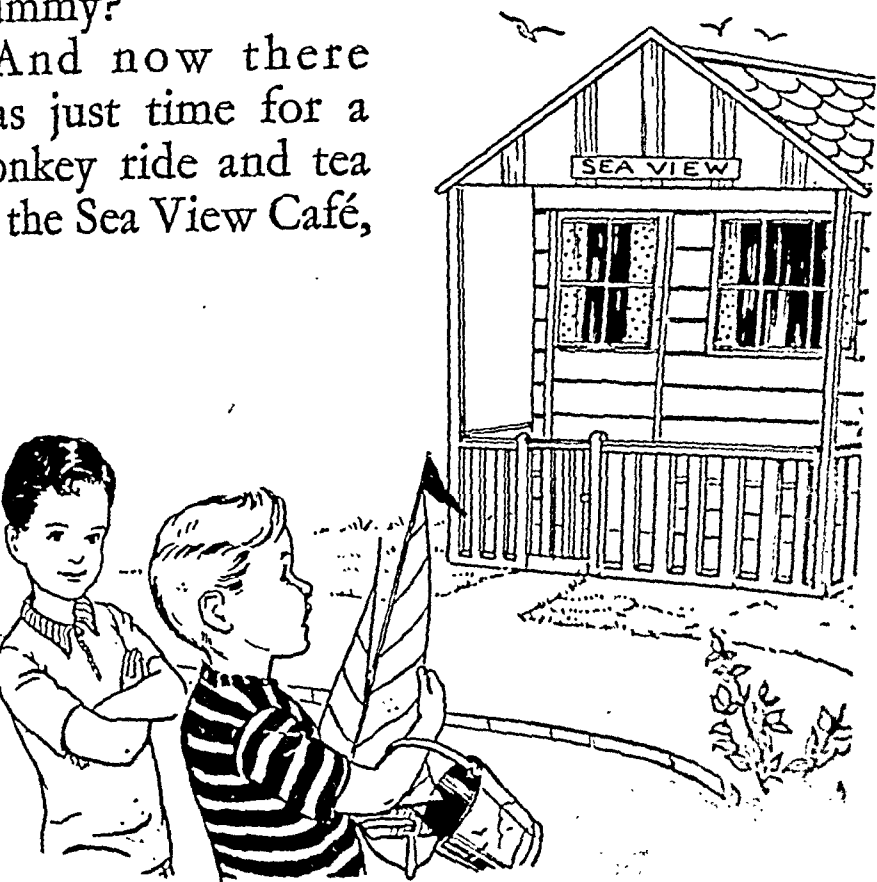
some steps that led to the parade and
cross the road where there was a whole row
of bungalows.

The one called "Sea View" was larger and
better than all the rest.

"We shall come and fetch you on Saturday,"
Auntie Meg promised a very excited Peter.
"To be ready early, won't you?"

"We will," cried Peter. "Won't we,
Mummy?"

And now there
was just time for a
monkey ride and tea
at the Sea View Café,



ALTHEA E. PASSMORE

Old Mrs. Bumble
Lives in a jumble;
Pincushions, plant-pots and pies,
Tapes, red and blue,
And gingerbread, too,
And gollies with boot button eyes;
Bird seed and biscuits,
And stockings and glue—
Her shop should be called "The Surprise".
For you never know *what* you will find when
you go
For a book or some beads or a trumpet to
blow!

MRS. BUMBLE'S SHOP

DORIS M. LEE

and the red cat whizzed them all back to
Peter's house.
As Peter snuggled sleepily in his corner he
felt very happy to think that in two days' time
Auntie Meg's red cat would whizz them back
again to spend a whole glorious month by
the sea.

Winter Home for Three



"I THINK it's empty!" whistled Bob-Robin from his perch on the window-sill. He put his head on one side to glance at Mitty Moine, who had just come scuttling along the path.

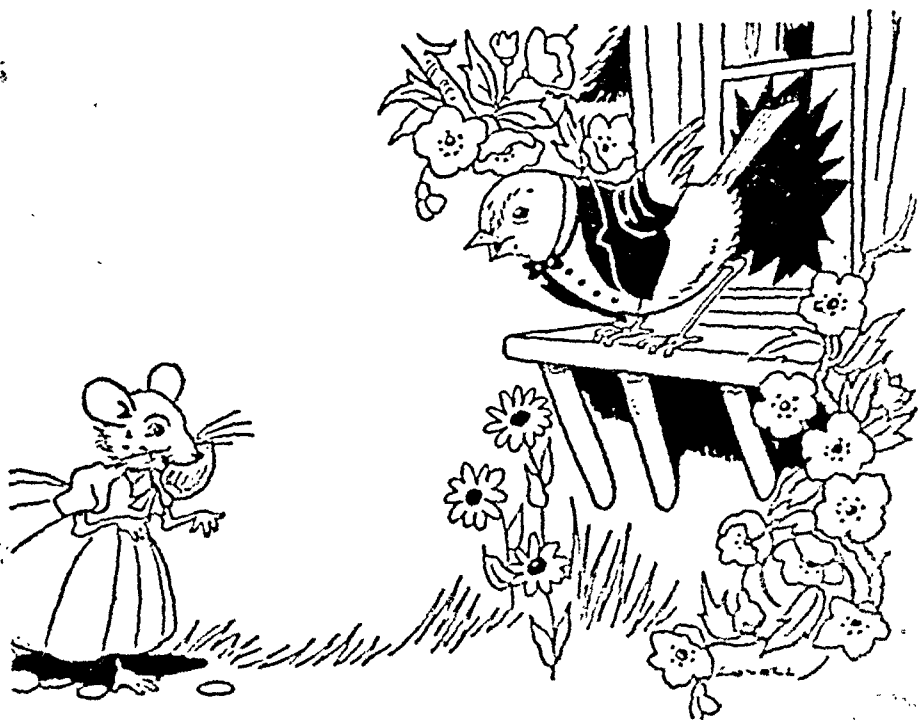
"Oh, I do hope not!" squeaked Mitty as well as she could, for her mouth was full. She stopped, sat up on her hind feet, displaying her dear little pink fore-paws in front of her. A big tear rolled slowly down her cheek. "I've only just found it. It was full of mice."

fat one." "Sadly she took a shiny, brown beech-nut from her mouth. "I don't mean your old beech-nut, silly!" explained Bob-Robin with a laugh. "I mean this summer-house. I've only just come into this garden from over the wall; I was hatched in the ivy on the other side, but now my father has sent us all out into the world to find our own living. This morning I found this lovely little house." "Yes, it's empty," agreed Mitty. "There's an enormous big house up the garden—that's empty too. My cousins, the house-mice, live in it. I should not like to live there."



"Nor should I, but this tiny one would be a wonderful shelter when the cold weather comes. My mother told us about the cold. In the winter she used to hop onto the nursery window-sill and the children fed her with crumbs. She said that birds' feathers keep us warm. All the same, I think it would be nice to have a wee house to shelter in when the wind blows very fiercely and the ground is white with snow."

"Oh, I do agree with you!" squeaked Mitty. "Shall we go in to look round? There is a



small hole near the ground for me, but how can you get in?"

"There is half a pane of glass gone from this window," replied Bob.

Mitty had just stuffed the nut into her mouth again when a drowsy voice spoke from the bushes.

"Do you think there might be a hole big enough for me?" it said. "I simply must find somewhere to sleep for the winter; I can hardly keep my eyes open even now . . ."

The words trailed off into a great yawn.

"I can see you," said Bob-Robin from his perch. "You are Dozy Hedgehog. Your family tucked themselves up for the winter in the ditch by the wood a week ago."

"Yes, I know," yawned Dozy. "I got shut out while I was having a last feed of beetles."

"I've found a hole quite big enough for you!" squeaked Mitty excitedly. "I've been in myself and it's marvellous. Do come in, both of you!"

Away she whisked. Dozy found he could just SQU-E-E-E-E through. Robin hopped through the broken window.

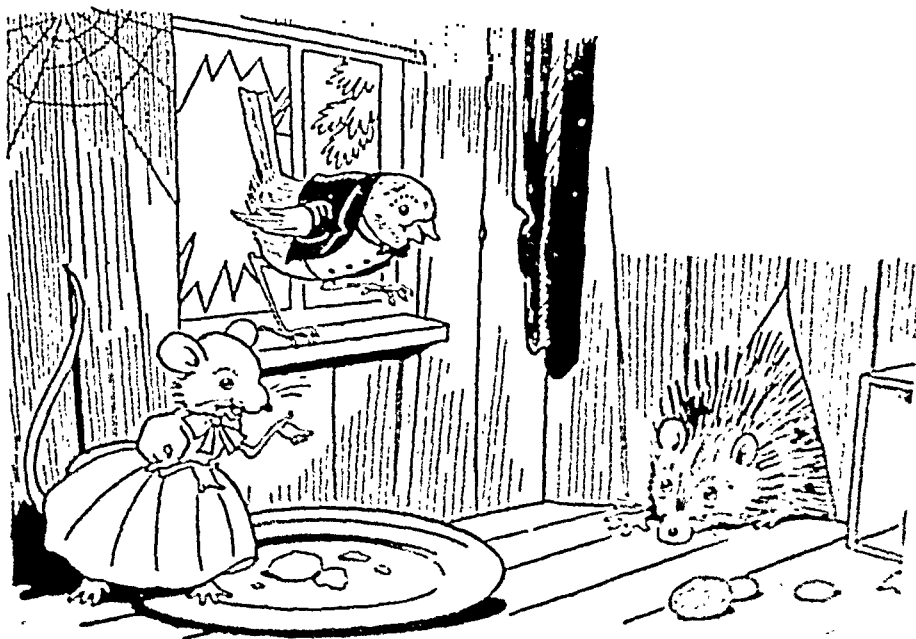
"Look, look!" cried Mitty. "Someone had

a meal in here before it was shut up: here are crumbs of biscuit, cheese and bread—enough to last you and me for a long time, Bob. There is a beautiful bed of leaves in the corner for you, Dozy!”

“Oh yes,” grunted Dozy happily, “and the place is full of insects.”

“Come along, Dozy!” ordered Mitty Mouse. “Get into bed at once and I will tuck you up.”

Dozy was so tired that he soon crept into the leaves and Mitty covered him so snugly that not a prickle-tip showed.



she had eaten, down between the floor-boards. about; piling the crumbs up in a corner and Mitty Mouse, who loved to be busy, bustled spring comes again."

Nothing will disturb old Sleepy-Head until Bob-Robin laughed. "No need to worry. "S-sh!" she whispered.

Mitty tip-toed away.

the leafy pillow. into Dreamland the moment his head touched reply. That sleepy young hedgehog had sailed "Good night!" she cried. But there was no



Bob-Robin hopped outside to look at the weather.

What a cosy winter the three friends spent in their tiny house! Jack Frost and North Wind together made the earth hard and snowy; but through it all Dozy Hedgehog slept soundly in his leafy bed, while Bob-Robin and Mitty Mouse popped in and out if they felt inclined, returning to their snug home for the night.

When at last spring came again, bringing warm sun and bright flowers, Dozy Hedgehog woke from his long sleep. Then all three were glad to go into the gay garden; but, as they parted from one another, they all promised to meet again when autumn winds brought their chilly message that winter was coming once more. Then they hoped to spend the cold months together again in their dear little house!

NANCY D. STEVENS

We hear the village clock strike three
And know it must be time for tea.
But as we leave the swings we say
"We'll come again another day!"

Higher up and soon I'll find
The other swings are left behind.
And all the park goes racing by
As I swing up towards the sky!

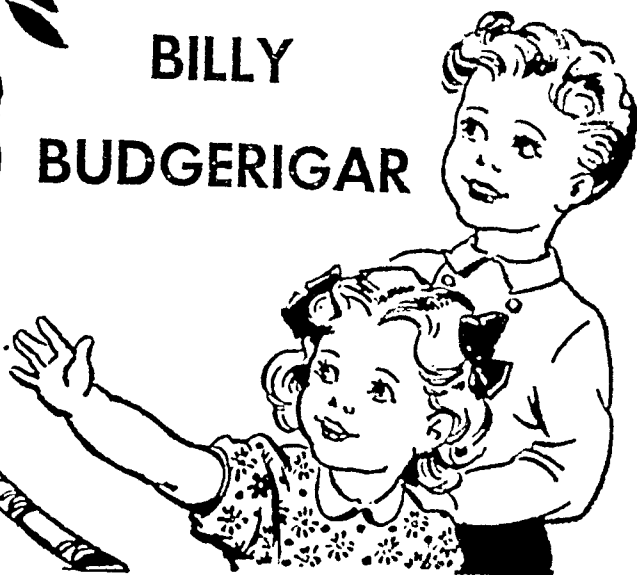
My swing goes up and up and then
Comes flying swiftly down again.
Swinging up and higher still,
Soon I'll be as high as Bill.

We came down to the park to-day,
My brother Bill and I to play.
The sea-saw made us nice and tall,
But we like swings the best of all.

SWINGING IN THE PARK



BILLY BUDGERIGAR

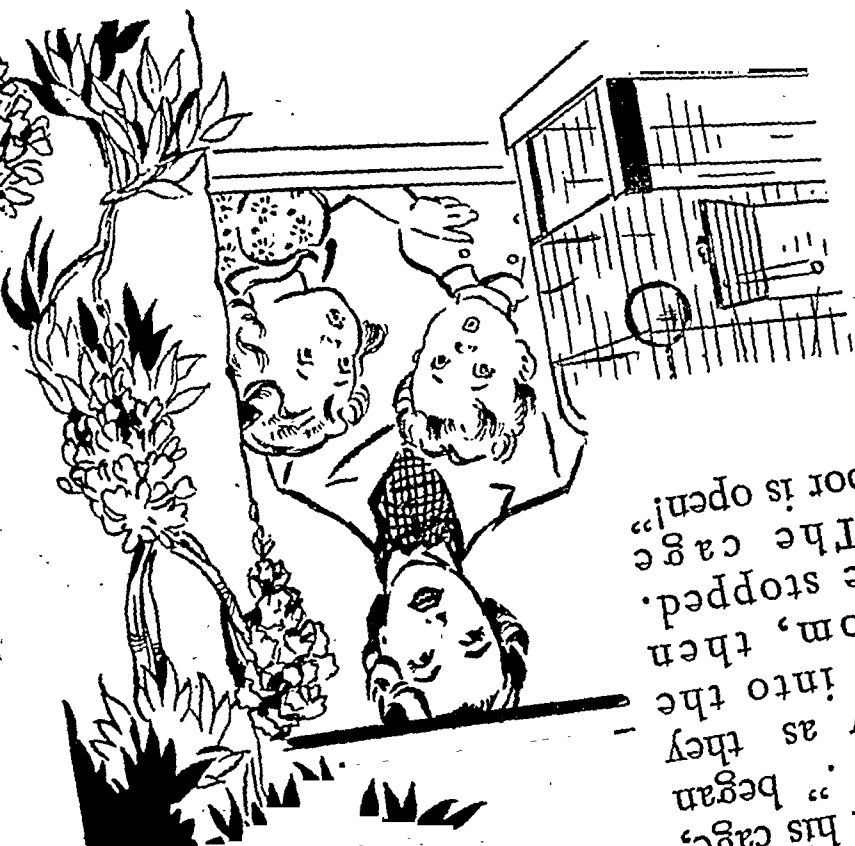


BILLY was a dear little blue budgerigar which Mummy and Daddy had given to the twins, Sally and Tony, for their birthday. They loved him very much, but they longed more than anything else to teach him to talk.

"Just like Mr. Simpson's parrot," said Tony.

"Hullo, hullo . . . say hullo!" coaxed Sally, but Billy only cocked his head and said nothing.

"Hullo! How are you?" cried Tony. Billy cocked his head the other way, but he still said nothing.



"I'm tired of trying," said Tony crossly. "I don't believe he will ever say anything."
"I do wish he would," said Sally.
It was the next morning that the awful thing happened.
"Tony! Sally!" called Mummy. "Do you know where Billy is?"
"In his cage," I . . . began.
Sally as they ran into the room, then she stopped.
"The cage door is open!"

They both stood staring at Billy's empty cage on the window-sill—the door of the cage and the window were both wide open.

"You fed him, so you must have done it, Sally!" said Tony angrily.

Sally began to cry.

"Never mind whose fault it is," said Mummy. "Perhaps someone will find him or he might come back."

That evening Mr. and Mrs. Fulton were sitting by their window having tea when Mrs. Fulton said:

"Look, George, at that funny bird on the window-sill!"

"Shh, my dear," whispered Mr. Fulton. "It's coming in."

Billy, the budgerigar, hopped on to the table and began to peck cake crumbs. Mr. Fulton quickly closed the window.

"Isn't he sweet!" cried his wife. "It must be someone's pet."

"We had better put him in the old canary cage," said Mr. Fulton. "I don't know how we shall find out who he belongs to."

Just then the telephone bell rang. Mr. Fulton

Sally and Tony were going sadly up to bed.

“No trouble to find out where he belongs,” said Mr. Fulton. “He has just given us his telephone number!”

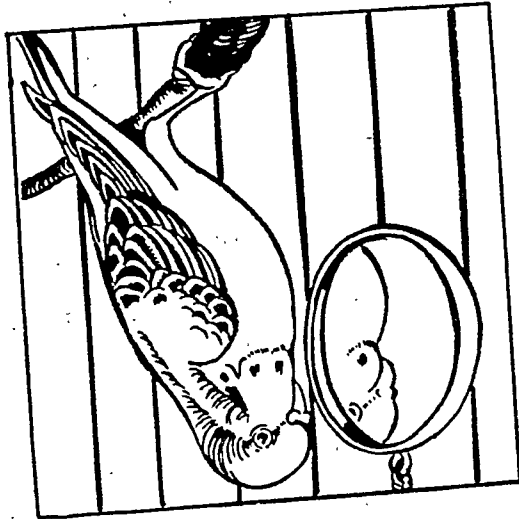
“Well, I never!” cried Mrs. Fulton. “It’s that bird!” and laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

“Endford 123,” said the voice again. “What . . .” he began.

dreaming?

Mr. Fulton was so surprised he put down the telephone and turned round. Was he

“Endford 123.”
picked it up to answer it, but before he had time to speak a little voice said quite clearly,



There had been no news of Billy in spite of all the people they had asked.

Just then there was a knock on the door, and there on the doorstep stood a lady and gentleman carrying a bundle wrapped in a shawl.

"We have something of yours," said the gentleman, smiling as he put the bundle on the table.

When he took off the shawl there was a bird-cage and in it . . .



"Billy!" shouted Tony and Sally together.
"Hullo! Hullo! Endford 123," said Billy
clearly, cocking his head on one side.

"He talks!" shouted the twins.
"Oh yes," said the lady, smiling. "We
thought you must have taught him. He told
us your telephone number, that is how we
knew where to bring him."

"Bedtime, children," said Billy with a little
chuckle.

"Just like you say it, Mummy," laughed
Sally.

"You must thank these kind friends for
bringing him back," said Mummy.

"Oh yes. Thank you!" cried Tony and
Sally together.

"It is lovely to have him back," sighed
Sally happily. "It was a good thing he got

out after all, or we might never have found
out that he talked."

Billy never got out again, but he talked
more and more every day.



TIGGY TAIL

TIGGY TAIL was a little grey rabbit. He lived beneath the roots of a horse-chestnut tree. His mother lived there too, and his father, and his three sisters and two brothers. They all called him Tiggy Tail because his tail was always twitching.

"He seems to wish that it belonged to someone else," said his father.

"He'll learn to use it one day," said Mummy Rabbit, who was very fond of Tiggy, "and then he'll not twitch it any more."

One day Mummy Rabbit took all her children across the meadow, where the

horse-chestnut tree grew, to a big field. It had a hedge all round it, and plants grew right across it. They were cabbages. The rabbits loved cabbages and they all nibbled at them until they were quite full up. Tiggly Tail was finished first. He went a little way around the field, hoping to find something interesting. He came to a gate which led into a wood. There was a little pool in there, and bushes with flowers on, and toadstools.



Tiggy put his nose just below the gate. He wondered if his mother would be *very* cross if he went into the wood. And then he saw a very frightening thing. There was a badger in the wood. He was eating his breakfast.

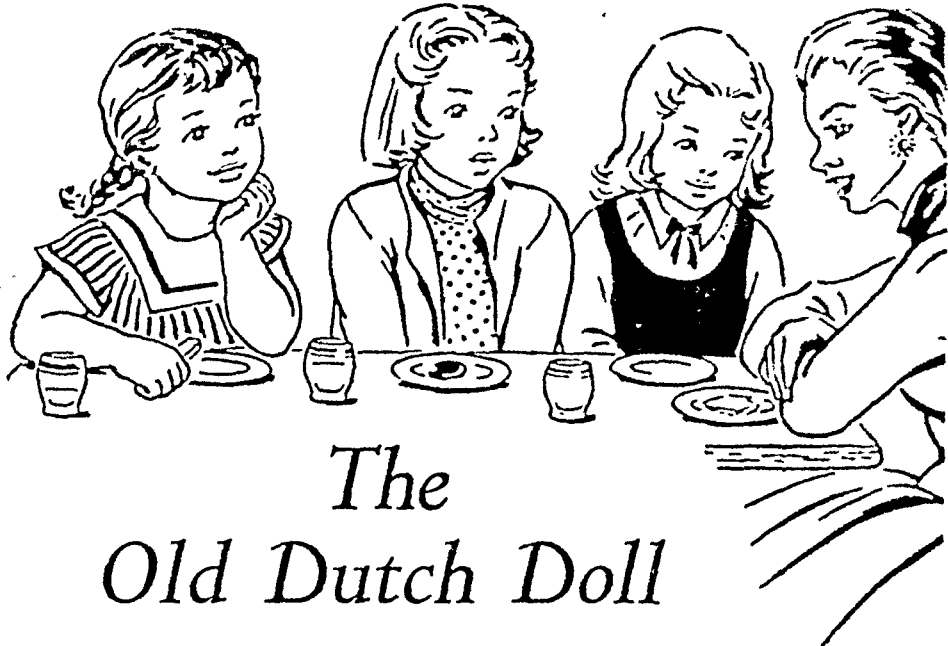
Now badgers are not at all friendly to young rabbits. In fact, they are very unkind and cruel to them.

Baby rabbits keep as far away from badgers as they can. Tiggy knew this, and he was terribly frightened. So he did something



WENDY WILKIN

That he had never done before. He flipped
p his tail as high and straight as it would
o. Underneath it was white, and when
Tiggy held it up like that, it looked like
little white flag. Then off he ran, over
his mother, through the hedge, back to
the meadow and the horse-chestnut tree.
Mummy Rabbit caught sight of his bobbing
white tail as he went. She called to all her
other children and they all raced as quickly
as they could after Tiggy, back to the safety
of their home.
When Daddy Rabbit heard about it all he
was very pleased.
"You've learned to use your tail at last,
my son," he said.
Tiggy did not twitch his tail any more after
that. And everyone stopped calling him Tiggy
Tail. They called him Tiggy Rabbit instead.



AUNTIE MAVIS, who was quite grown-up, had kept every doll she had ever had. She had no little girls of her own to give them to, so they were put away in the old tin trunk which stood in a corner of the attic.

Judith, Marjorie and Ann were cousins. They were having tea with Auntie Mavis. As a special treat she had promised them that, after tea, they should all go up into the attic to turn out the old tin trunk.

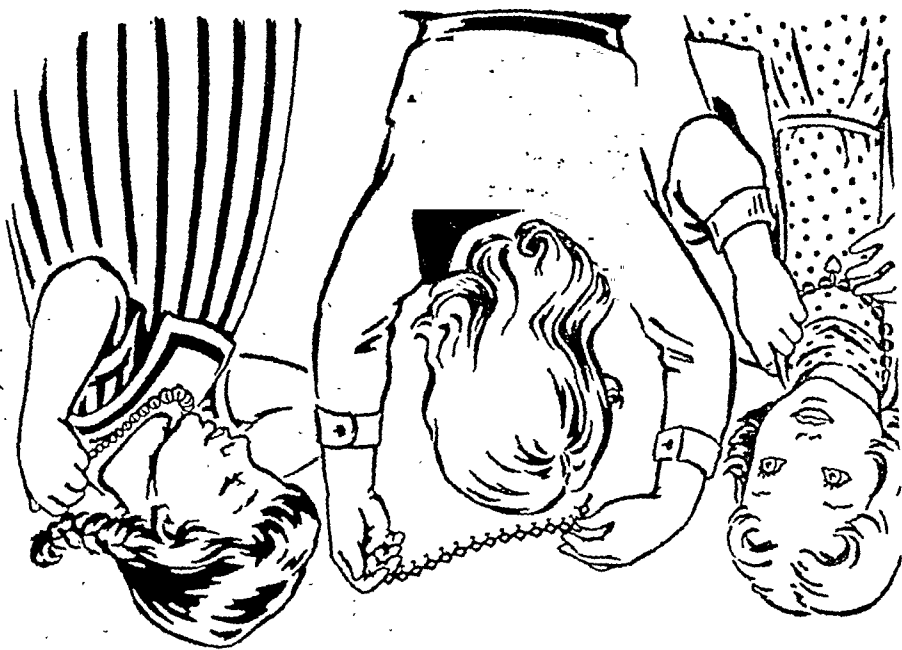
One of the most exciting things about going up into the attic was climbing up the funny little ladder which could be let down from the

ceiling of the spare room. The attic was large and the tin trunk stood in the corner.

"Now," said Auntie Mavis, kneeling down and lifting the lid of the old tin trunk. "We'll just see what we *have* got in here."

Tucked away in odd corners of the trunk were strings of gaily-coloured beads, and Auntie Mavis gave each of the cousins a lovely bead necklace.

"A dress for each of you," said Auntie Mavis, pulling out some gaily-coloured silks. "A rose pink for Judith, a blue one for



Marjorie, and a cherry red for Ann, to match your necklaces. I will make you each a party dress, then you will look smart."

The next thing Auntie Mavis found was a pair of ballet shoes, which she gave to Judith. For Ann, who loved drawing, there was a large packet of drawing-paper, and for Marjorie, who was learning to knit, a large bag of knitting-wool in many gay colours.

"That's almost everything," said Auntie Mavis, "except for—THE DOLLS."

This was the most exciting moment of all,



or though the cousins had heard all about Auntie Mavis's dolls, they had never seen them. They peered eagerly into the trunk as Auntie Mavis lifted layers of tissue paper and cotton wool.

"Oh, AUNTIE MAVIS! Aren't they lovely!"

Never before had the children seen so many different kinds of dolls. There was a baby doll that opened and shut its eyes. A Japanese doll, a rag doll, a fairy doll, a sailor doll, and a very grand-looking French doll. There were lots of other dolls as well—little, big and very big—and tucked away in a corner of the trunk, all by itself, was a Dutch doll. It was made of wood, had only one eye, the paint on its cheeks had run, and its face was chipped and battered. It looked a very sad little doll indeed.

Auntie Mavis took the dolls gently out of the trunk one by one, and laid them in a long row on the floor.

As she laid the last of the dolls down, Auntie Mavis turned and looked at the children.

"You may each choose a doll," she said.

"One each. The others I will put away for another time."

For a moment the children didn't know what to say. Auntie Mavis was always full of lovely surprises, but this one was the best of all.

Judith spoke first.

"Please, Auntie Mavis, I would like the fairy doll—that is, if the others don't want it," she added, looking at Marjorie and Ann.

"Oh, no thank you," said Marjorie, pointing to the baby doll. "If I may have it, I would like the baby doll, then I can learn how to bath and dress it."

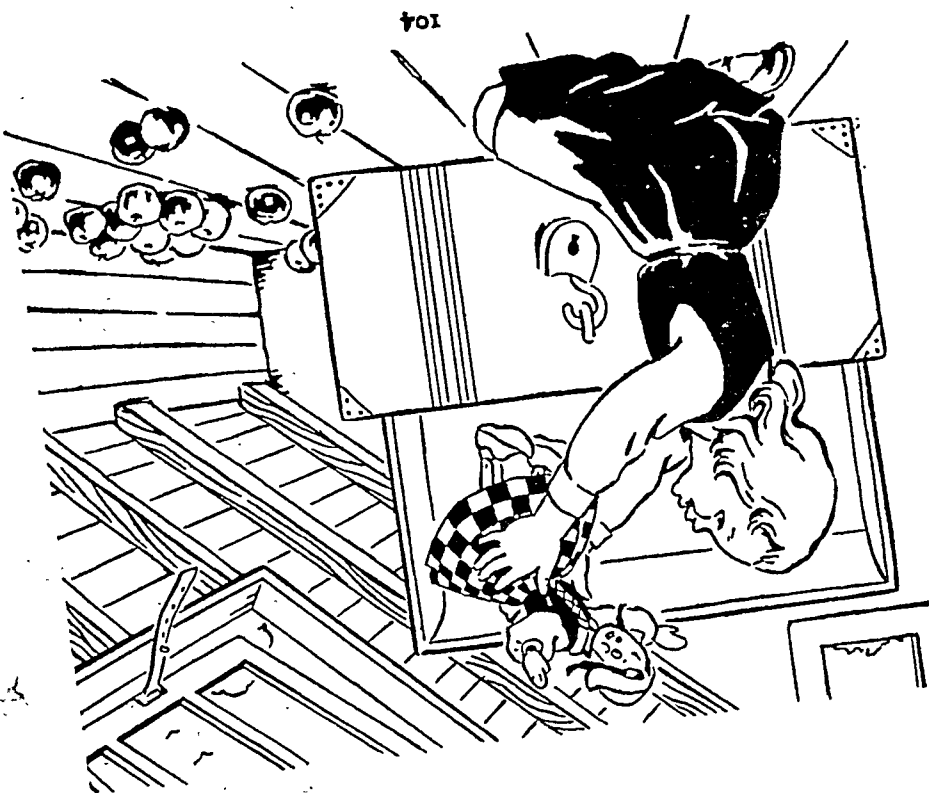
Auntie Mavis turned to Ann who had been gazing longingly at the French doll.

"I think you would like Suzanne," she said softly.

Ann turned quickly and looked eagerly at Auntie Mavis.

"Yes, please," she said. "The lovely French doll." Then suddenly she caught sight of the





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poor battered-looking Dutch doll, whom no-one seemed to love. With another longing look at the French doll, she turned to Auntie Mavis and said:

"Please may I change my mind, Auntie? I'd like to take the Dutch doll, for I think she needs a Mummy most of all."

At last the little Dutch Doll found some-body to love her.

DOROTHY M. SHEPPARD

YOU CAN DO IT



“OH, I wish I weren’t going to the party,” sighed Betty, as she walked slowly down the garden path.

“Well you do surprise me,” said a little voice and Betty saw the bright face of a tiny Pixie peering at her from a laurel bush. “I thought all children liked parties.”

“No I don’t like them one little bit,” went on Betty. “I’m shy and the boys and girls tease me and sometimes I’m afraid I cry.”

"Dear me," said the Pixie, "I shall have to change all that. I'd better come with you to this party. When do you go?"

"This afternoon—it's at Barbara's house next door."

"All right, I shall be there. Goodbye, Betty, see you later," and the Pixie flew away.

"Now, darling," said Mummy, as she was getting Betty ready for the party that afternoon, "put on your sandals and do them up."

"Oh, Mummy, I can't, the buckles are so stiff," grumbled Betty.

"Why, Betty, of course you can do it," whispered a tiny voice in her ear, and Betty found the little Pixie was standing on her shoulder. She put on her sandals, and then tried so hard to do them up, but at last she managed to fasten them.

"Bravo!" said the Pixie. "What did I tell you?" Before Betty could answer the Pixie had flown away again.

"Oh dear," sighed Betty. "I thought the Pixie was coming with me to the party."

When Betty arrived at the party, the room was full of noisy chattering children, and Betty wanted to turn round and run home.



"I can't stay here," she thought, then she heard a little voice say, "Oh yes you can," and to her joy she found the Pixie was on her shoulder once more.

"Now," said Barbara, "everybody's got to do something—sing, dance or recite. Betty, you've got to take a turn like all the rest." Poor Betty turned bright red and she was just going to say "No, not me," when again the little voice of the Pixie whispered in her ear. "You can do it, Betty."

To her surprise she found herself singing a little song her mother had taught her.



“Jolly good, Betty,” shouted the boys and girls and they clapped their hands. How happy Betty felt; she joined in all the games and she was quite sorry when the party came to an end and Mummy called to take her home. After breakfast next morning Betty ran down the garden to try and find the Pixie again. She wanted to thank him for helping her so much.

But although she searched in all the bushes, she could not find him anywhere, and she did not see him again. Betty did not forget the Pixie, however, for from that day, whenever she found herself beginning to say "Oh no, I can't," she would pretend the Pixie was on her shoulder, whispering, "Oh yes you can do it," and then her courage returned and she was able to do so many things. You try that too, sometimes, when you feel shy and afraid.

M. JOAN PIERCE

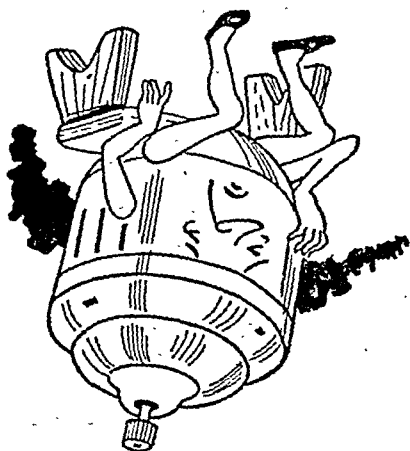
THE INVITATION

Isn't it exciting,
When you know the Fairy Queen?
And you get an invitation
To a party on the green.

She'll send her coach to fetch you,
And you'll feel very grand,
As, just like Ann and brother John,
You drive to Fairyland.

EUNICE CLOSE

The Old Humming Top



NONE of the toys took any notice of the old humming top. He sat in a corner all by himself looking so sad. Most of his fine red aint had gone, and he did not have the heart to spin and hum like he used to.

One day the toys were invited to a party.

"Let us go on the fire engine," said Golliwog. "That will be fine fun."

"Yes, let's!" said Teddy, clapping his paws. "I will drive!"

So the toys climbed merrily on to the fire engine, and off they sped, gaily ringing the bell.

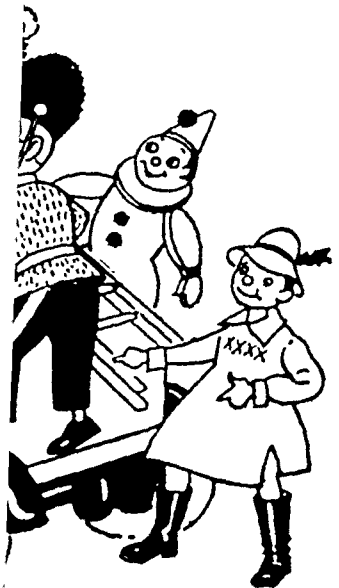
and was so un-
f asking him to

sleep. When he
would soon be
me back.

red glow in the

fire!" he cried.
ngine is not here

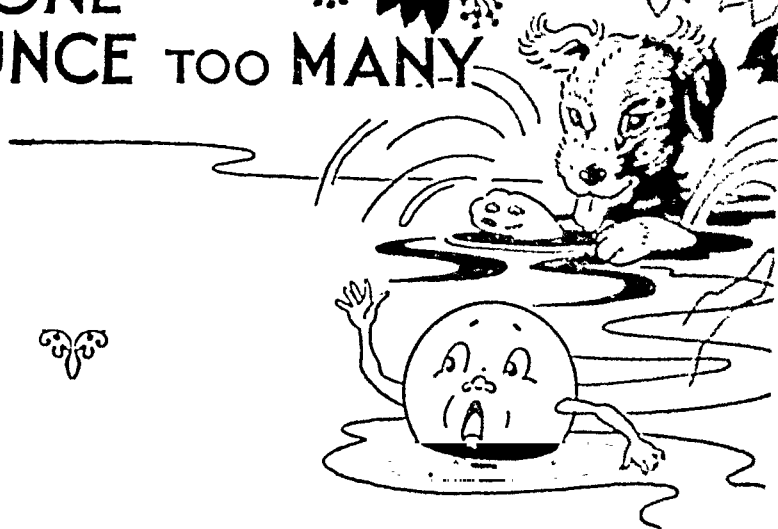
he had a bright
ook a deep breath



ROY BROWN

and then, for the first time for many a day he began to spin. He span and span and span! The faster he span, the louder was his hum. Soon, the fire engine came rushing back clanging its bell. The toys jumped off excitedly. "What is that noise?" they asked. "It was me humming," said the old toad shyly. "The doll's-house is on fire. Look at the red glow in the window!" At that all the toys chuckled with glee. "That isn't a fire!" said Teddy Bear. "It only the sunset shining on the window!" "But that is a very fine voice you have, Top!" said Golliwog. "I say, you fellows. Let us take the old top back to the party with us then he can sing us a song." "A good idea!" cried the others. So the old top sat on the fire engine with the other toys, and what a lovely time he had!

ONE BOUNCE TOO MANY

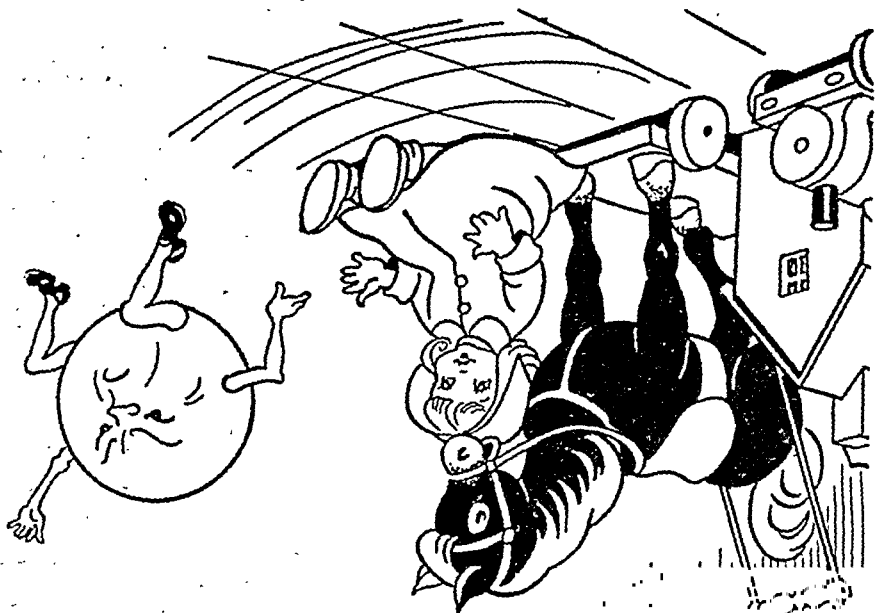


BOUNCER, the green rubber ball, was very cross. Bump! Bump! He bounced up and down and across the room. Bump! Bump! Bump!

“Just look at my nice green coat!” he cried, giving another angry bounce. “All scratched and licked by that horrid puppy, Nip. Nip indeed! I’d ‘nip’ him if he belonged to me!” And off he bounced again.

Georgie Golliwog, looking down from his shelf in the toy-cupboard, chuckled in his funny gruff way.

“Oho! Oho! You’ll be getting so many scratches too if you bounce much more!”



that won't be the puppy's fault. You're like a Chinese cracker popping off. Besides, Nip was only playing. He didn't mean to be unkind."

"It's all very well for you to laugh, Georgie. You couldn't bounce if you tried! You can't even walk since you lost the stuffing out of one leg!" retorted Bouncer.



"Now then, now then, you boys. Don't start a quarrel," put in Benjamin the red balloon, from his place in the corner. "If anyone needs to grumble, I do: for I'm blown up so tightly I could burst! I wish Simon would let out some of my air. I should be more comfortable then."

Georgie Golliwog muttered something into his whiskers, and Bouncer rolled away under the table just as Nip, with the twins Simon and Susan, rushed into the room.

"Wow-wow-wow-wow!" barked noisy Nip, jumping up and down. "How do you do?"

"I'm going to take Georgie for a walk," announced Susan, giving the golliwog a hug.

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"Doesn't it look pretty?" shouted Simon.
along beside him.
balloon floating merrily overhead. Nip raced
it, with Bouncer still in his hand, and the red
"Watch, Susan!" and began to run round
of the garden pond, Simon cried:

thought Bouncer, anxiously watching Nip out
of the corner of his eye. When they reached
"I hope Simon will hold on to me tightly,"
wow-wow!"

about. "This is all going to be fine fun. Wow-
wow-wow!" barked Nip as he frisked
over his head.

Benjamin, much happier now, floated gaily
the string of the balloon in one hand, and the
green ball in the other, he hurried after Susan.
"You'll do now," said Simon, and with
able."

Benjamin. That feels much more comfort-
"Whish-h-h-h-h!" sighed
first, or he'll pop."

"Wait for me!" called Simon. "I'll bring
my red balloon; but I'd better let out some air
along."
"Take you as well, Nip," she went on. "Come
That cheered up Georgie tremendously. "I'll

But the next moment he had stumbled against a stone. The green ball was jerked away, and bounced off the path. With a plop it fell right into the water.

"Wow-wow-wow!" barked Nip. "Now what shall we do?"

"Oh dear! Oh dear!" cried Simon. "My ball is sailing farther and farther away!" And so it was; for a strong breeze was blowing Bouncer across the big garden pond to its deeper end.

"Oh dear!" said Simon again. "I shall never be able to reach it now."

"Whatever is the matter?" asked Susan, almost out of breath with running. Simon pointed to Bouncer.

"Look!" he cried. "And the water is deep over there."

Susan thought for a moment.

"I know what we'll do!" she said at last. "Send Nip in to get it. He can swim."

"Good dog! Good dog! Fetch the ball, Nip!" said Simon, pointing to Bouncer bobbing up and down. Nip wagged his tail.

"Wow-wow! All right!" he answered; and plunged straight in. Bouncer saw Nip

EUNICE CLOSE

Over my head, high up in a tree,
 A beautiful blackbird is singing to me;
 And these are the words he seems to say,
 "Spring is here, so come out and play!"

THE BLACKBIRD

CHRISTINE SMITH

coming, but he was so frightened of the water
 by this time that he felt quite pleased.
 Very gently the puppy took the green ball
 in his mouth, turned round, and swam quickly
 back to the shore; where he gave himself a
 tremendous shake.
 "Well done! Good little Nip!" said Simon
 and Susan together: and Bouncer was so de-
 lighted to be safe once more, and so grateful
 to his rescuer, that he forgot all about his
 scratches and how cross he had been with
 Nip.
 "I told you he didn't mean to be unkind,"
 said Georgie Golliwog when Bouncer told
 them all about Nip rescuing him that night.
 "I know you did," answered Bouncer, "and
 I didn't believe you then, but I do now!"

from sight, he hopped off the nest and pushed his way through the reeds.

When he reached the other side he found he was in a very large world indeed. There were great green spaces and very large hills, and not far away were some big animals with horns, which were munching away at the grass.

Denny looked at these animals in wonder for a few moments, and then began to move nearer a large red-and-white animal that was lying down flicking its ears and swishing its tail.

Our little friend crept very close and was almost touching it when the cow turned its head and saw him.

The animal stopped chewing, opened its mouth and said very loudly and very angrily, "Moo-oo-ooo!"

For a second poor Denny was much too frightened to move, and then he fled, his little legs moving like lightning and his wings flapping just as fast.

He ran for a long way, until he felt that he was safe, then he stopped to regain his breath.

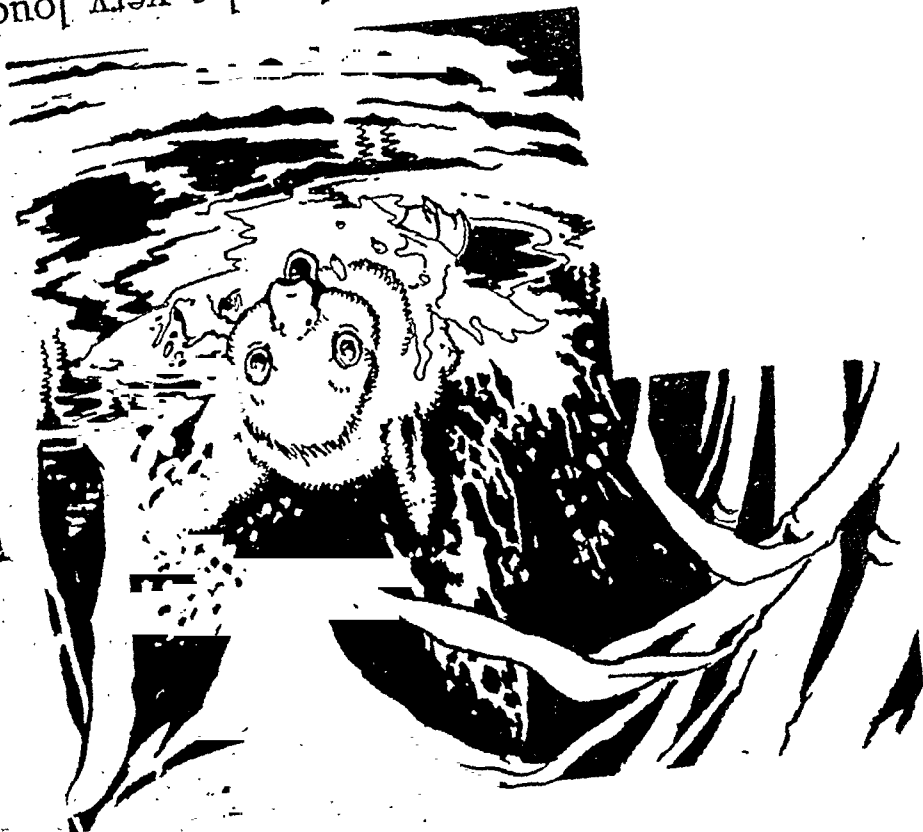


He had just settled down when a large red bird, looking very proud, caught sight of him. It took one look, then screamed, "Cock-2-doodle-doo-oo-oo!"

And again poor Denny was running as fast as his legs could carry him. He didn't know it, but this time he was running towards the pond, but it was so hidden by reeds and bushes that he could not see it. Just before he reached it, he stopped once more, for he could not run another step.

He lay down, and he was just beginning --

sel a little better when he heard a very loud
 noise behind him.
 There coming towards him, with its long
 neck stretched out and great wings flapping,
 was a huge white bird, hissing and crying,
 "Honk! Honk! Aaah! Honk!"
 You may be sure Denny did not wait to
 find out what kind of bird that one was
 and off again he made straight for the
 tall reeds.



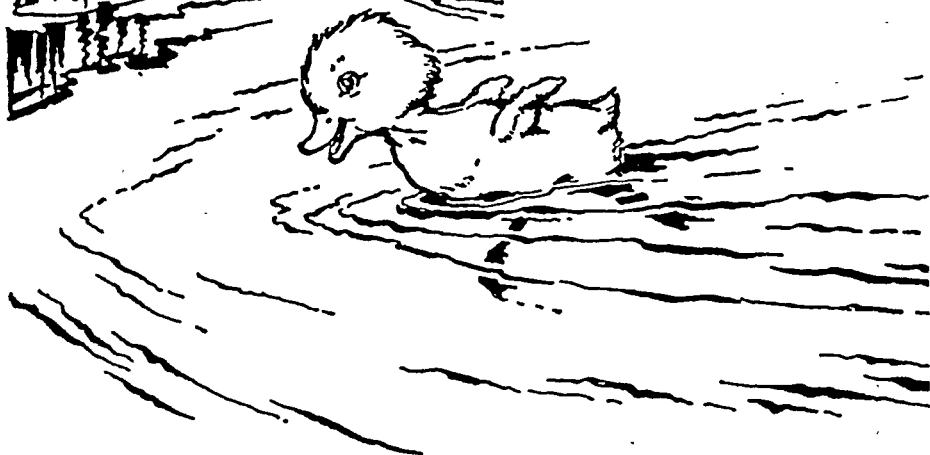
When Denny saw the stretch of water it was too late.

Splash!

He fell headlong into it.

The water was cold, but instead of sinking, as he had felt sure he would, Denny found he was floating on the little waves. Moving his feet he felt himself swimming, and soon he had forgotten all about the big white bird.

Swimming round and round in circles he heard a cry of surprise from the other side of the pond and looking



EUNICE CLOSE

Samuel Snail is a very fine fellow,
 He lives in a house all brown and yellow;
 He doesn't care if it rains or snows,
 For he takes his house with him wherever
 he goes.
 And if he feels tired or he wants to hide,
 Why, he curls up small and pops inside.

Samuel Snail

FLORA SMITH

across he saw his mummy and daddy staring
 at him in amazement.
 "Why, Denny," they cried, "who taught
 you to swim?"
 "No one," Denny said quite truthfully. "I
 just taught myself."
 "Well you are a clever boy," his mother
 said proudly. "You shall have an extra snail
 for your dinner."
 So Denny went home, a very happy duckling
 indeed.

DANDY'S DREAM BUBBLES



THERE was once a very small elf whose name was Dandy and he lived in a wood on the edge of a common.

One day he was dozing in the shade of a large dock leaf when he was awakened by the sound of somebody singing. He sat up and yawned, and looked about him, and there, coming along the path, was an old, old man carrying a sack on his shoulders, and this is what he sang:

Dandy was wide awake now. He sat and listened more intently. This must be the old dream-seller who came to Sycamore Fair every year. Dandy had heard a lot about him from

“What do you lack? What do you lack?
I’ve got dreams to sell in my fairy sack.
Dreams of silver and dreams of gold,
Dreams for young and dreams for old,
Dreams of blue and dreams of red,
And dreams to tuck you up in bed.”



the other woodland folk, but he had never seen him before. Now as he watched the old man walking along the path, he noticed something else. There was a hole in the sack, and each time the old man took a step, out fell a brightly-coloured bubble and burst on the ground. But that was not all! Where every bubble fell a flower sprang out of the ground. There were yellow flowers, and blue flowers, red and silver and gold flowers—a whole long



line of them along the path where the old man had walked.

"Goodness me!" cried Dandy. "The old man does not know he is losing all his bubbles. I must run after him and warn him."

By this time the old dream-seller had stopped to rest under a tree. He saw the little elf come running towards him, and he shook his head. "I'm not selling any dreams at the moment," he said. "I was only practising my song ready for the Fair when it starts in the morning."

"Please, sir," said Dandy timidly, "I haven't come to buy a dream, because I haven't any money. I've come to tell you that there is a hole in your sack, and that you've been spilling bubbles all along the woodland path."

"*Spilling bubbles!*" cried the old man in alarm. "They are my dreams! Oh, lack-a-day—lack-a-day—my sack is empty. Look, there isn't a single dream left. What shall I do? I won't have any dreams to sell at the Fair tomorrow, and all my old customers will be disappointed."

The old man was so very distressed that the little elf hardly liked to interrupt him.

"Excuse me, sir," he said. "I can blow you

some more bubbles with my little acorn pipe and some soapy water."

The dream-seller looked sternly at him.

"Can you blow coloured bubbles?"

"Oh no," answered the elf sorrowfully.

"Only plain grey ones, but they are quite pretty."

"Who wants grey dreams?" retorted the old man. "Run away with your silly suggestions, you are just wasting my time. Alack—alack—I may as well go back home again, but before I do I'll just mend this hole—though why I should bother when there is nothing to keep



The old man looked closely at the bubble mixture, then fiercely at the little elf—then he suddenly smiled.

"I'll do it to please you, my little friend," he said. He took hold of the elf's tiny acorn pipe and he blew a large bubble. It was as shiny and as golden as a buttercup.

"Hooray—hooray, it does work!" the old man cried. "Open my sack, and pop it in, little elf. That is a dream for a brown bunny rabbit."

The next bubble was as red and shiny as a holly berry.

"That is a dream for little Robin Redbreast," said the old man.

Next he blew a bubble that was as blue and gleaming as the summer sky. "And that is a dream for a butterfly," he smiled.

He went on like this, blowing one coloured bubble after another, until his sack was full to the top again. With Dandy's help he hoisted it up on his back, and off he went, hobbling along the woodland path, singing his dream song.

As soon as he had gone, the little brown elf hurried off home as fast as he could. You

see, the old man had given him a silver bubble,
and Dandy wanted to get to bed so that he
could put the bubble under his pillow and dream
a beautiful silver dream.

BETTY E. SPENCE

Who Goes Fishing?

"It's fun to go fishing!"

Cried Geoffrey and Jill.

"We'll soon catch some fish
If we keep very still."

"It's fun to go fishing!"

A little duck said.

"But why should we bother
To stand on our head?"

"These kind little children
Have brought us our tea—

So come along, brothers,"

Quacked duckling, "watch me!"

CHRISTINE E. SPENCE

FRAGILE—WITH CARE

MONDAY was market day in the town, and Farmer Redland went there every week. He took Martin, the farmer-man, with him to drive, and when they returned the twins always ran to see what they had brought. Daddy often had a bag of sweets for them, or groceries for Mummy, and sometimes there were exciting presents wrapped in coloured paper. One Monday in spring, when Farmer Redland returned from market, he was carrying a large cardboard box on his knees, and holding it carefully with both hands so it wouldn't jump. The twins ran up as usual when he ran stopped and watched him eagerly, but he only smiled and went into the kitchen to put the box on the table.

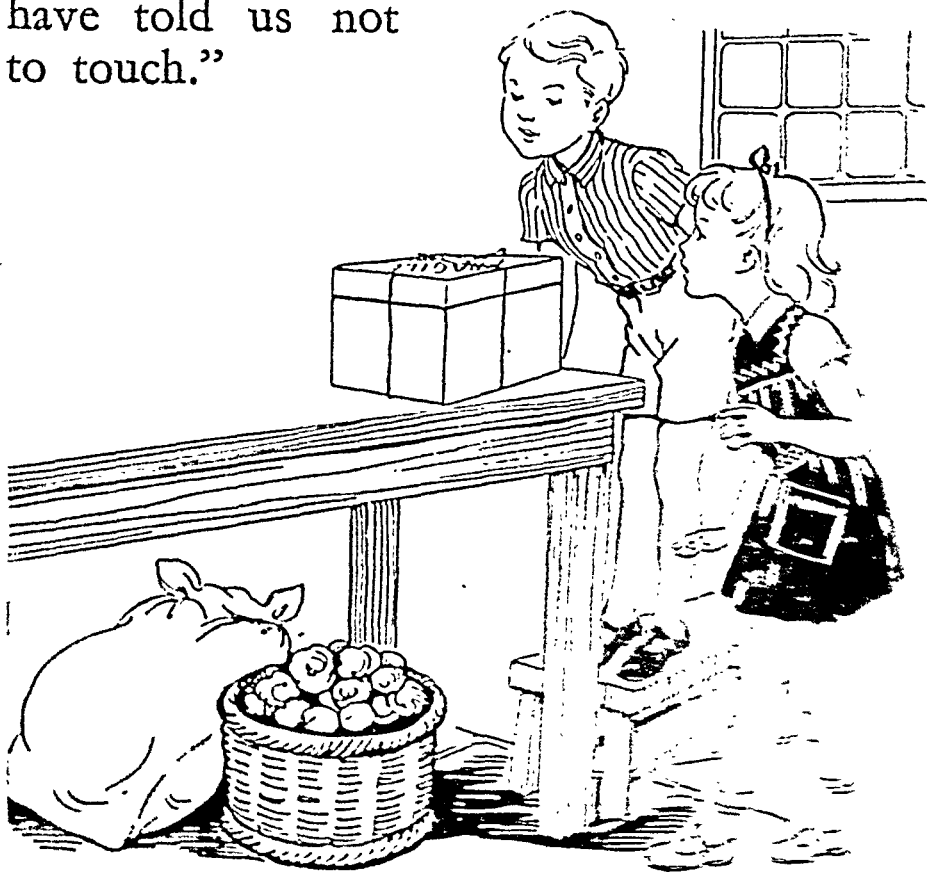
"Don't touch," he warned Tony and Pat as he went out again, "they might break." "What might break?", asked Pat when he had gone.

"I do wish Daddy had said what was inside." "So do I," said Tony, who was standing on a stool and staring at the box. "But look, Pat! What is that long word on the lid?"

Pat climbed up beside him. "F-R-A-G-I-L-E," she spelt out slowly. "'Fragile'—that's what it is—a box of 'Fragile'."

Tony looked thoughtful. "But what is 'Fragile'?" he asked at last. "Daddy never brought any of that before."

"I don't know what it is really," his sister replied; "but it must break easily, or Daddy wouldn't have told us not to touch."





Just then Farmer Redland came in again from the hen-house. "Daddy!" they shouted together. "What is 'Fragile?'"

"Ah!" he said with a smile. "Wait until I open the box—then you'll see."

The twins leaned over the table, while Daddy cut the string. Then he took out a layer of straw, and in the bottom of the box, packed very carefully, were four of the largest eggs they had ever seen.

"There!" said Dad. "Aren't they beauties?"

with the twins one on each side; but as they walked across the yard Pat still looked rather puzzled. "I didn't know 'Fragile' meant a box full of big eggs," she remarked. "Did you, Tony?"

"No," replied Tony, shaking his head. "I didn't." But Dad only laughed.

Week after week Fluffy sat on the eggs to keep them warm, and once a day Farmer Redland took her a boxful of corn to eat and a dish of fresh water to drink. Then one morning there was a faint "tap-tapping" inside the shells, and Farmer Redland went at once to fetch the twins. They ran across to the hen-house hand in hand, and crowded around the nest, listening carefully, while Fluffy picked grains of corn off the wooden floor.

As they watched, one of the eggs cracked all the way round and fell into two pieces, and out popped a fluffy little head. Then another shell cracked and another head appeared, and soon there were four lovely, soft birds in the nest. But they were not ordinary chicks. They were bigger than those Fluffy had had before, their necks were longer, and they had funny webbed feet.

The twins were delighted. "Aren't they pretty?" they cried. "What are they, Dad?"

"They're ducklings," said Farmer Redland. "I thought you might like to have some this year."

"I'm sure Fluffy is proud of them," said Pat; "just listen to her clucking."

"Yes, and I like them too," said Tony. "I wish they were mine."

Farmer Redland smiled. "Well," he said; "if you will look after them until they grow up, you can have one each. Now, what do you say to a duckling of your very own?"



"Oh yes, please, Dad!" they cried together. "We'll look after them." And they ran back to the kitchen as fast as they could. "Mummy!" shouted Pat. "Fluffy has four baby ducklings, and Daddy says I can have the one with the black patch on its back." The ducklings grew bigger and bigger, and every day Tony and Pat fed them in their little pen and filled their dish with water. Then,



